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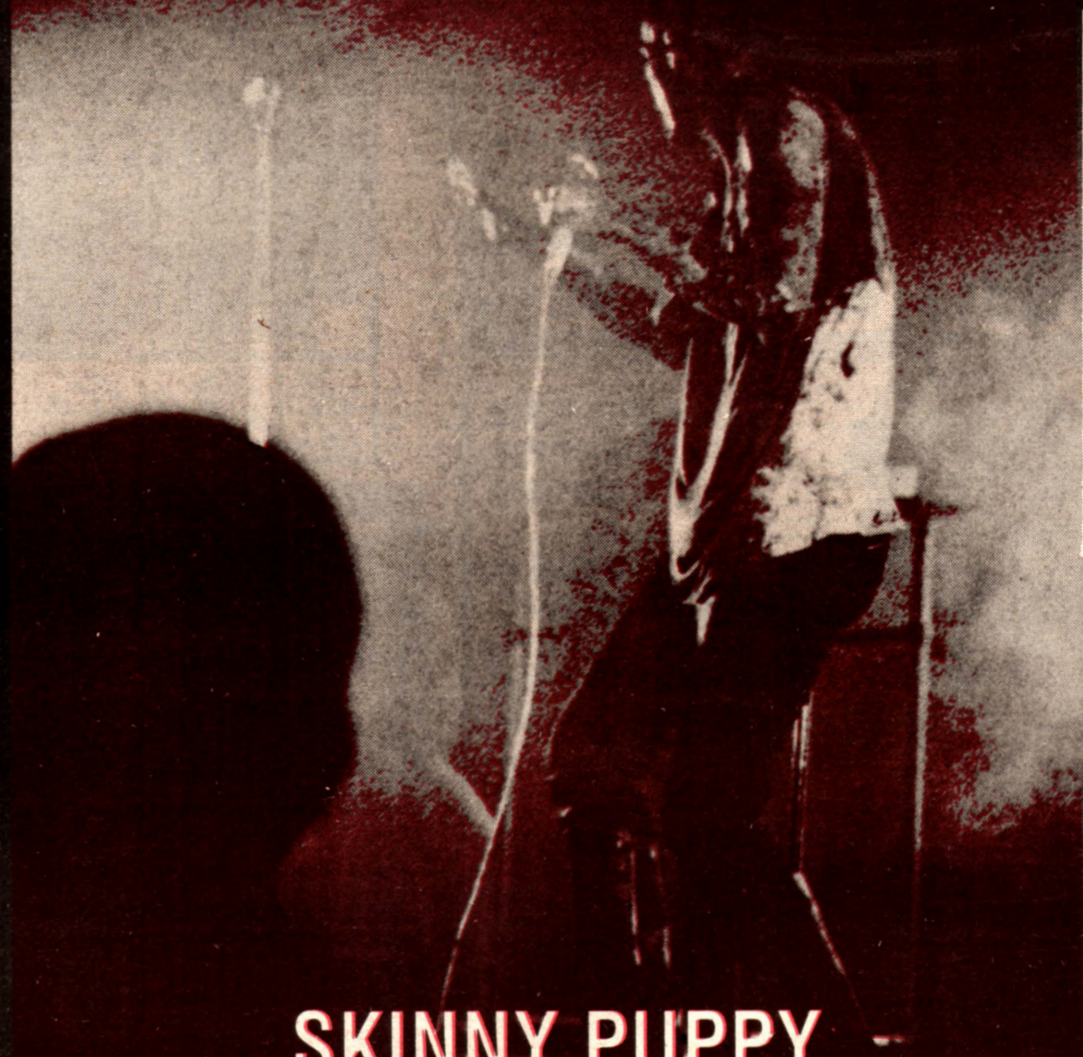
FEBRUARY, 1989

NUMBER 30

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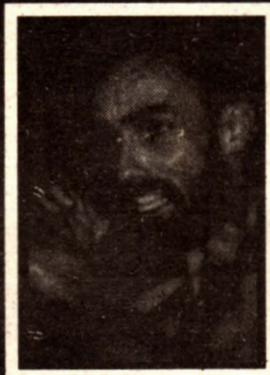
30th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



SKINNY PUPPY
VIBRATORS
VICTORIAVILLE FESTIVAL
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VOIVOD



FAIL-SAFE



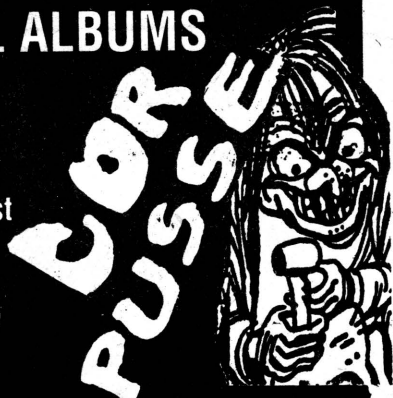
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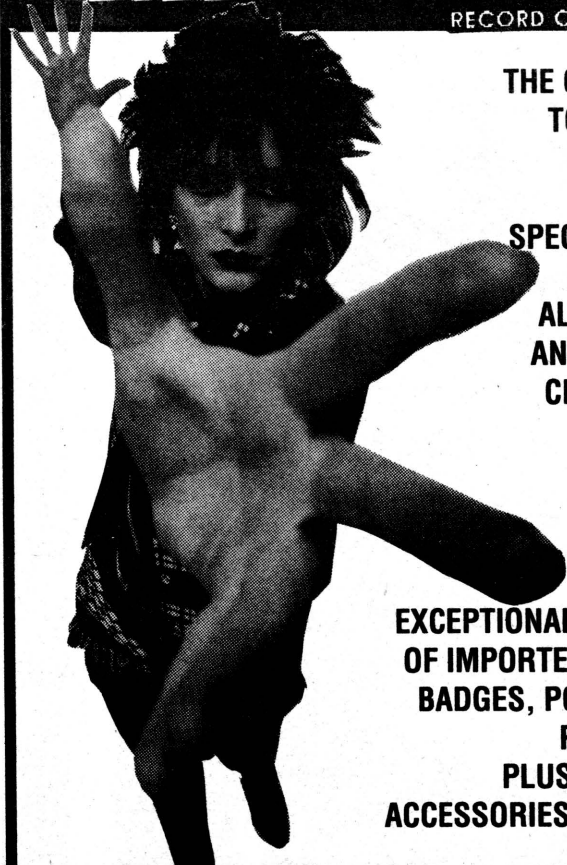
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- Feb 16 MASSACRA
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- Feb 18 JERRY JERRY
- Feb 21 NEWS FROM THE FRONT
- Feb 23 GROOVY AARDVARK
with AFFECTED
- Feb 24 ME MOM & MORGENTALER
with INFAMOUS BASTARDS
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A WONDERFUL EDITORIAL

3

(After whining for years about my editorials, we decided to give Mr. Wonderful a chance to write his very own. An experiment for us, we thought you might enjoy a fresh point-of-view rather than me blathering on again. Let's get some feedback here—if you like the idea of 'guest editorials' let us know. And, by the way, the opinions below don't represent the views of ye olde publishers or editors.)

Ok, so Paul gave me my New Year's resolution, or should I say 'New Year's wish' to write an editorial. Hopefully the other people who were quoted in last month's editorial on New Year's resolutions will have as much luck as I did (although I don't think Paul will be able to help much with Rula's).

Instead of Paul's usual editorial 'bout "ya we're still around," and "I bet you thought RearGarde was dead" I'm just going to ramble on incessantly with little thought being put into it, kinda like the way Paul does his editorials.

I always figured Paul's editorials to be equal to the old dictum that if you let a few monkeys bang away at a typewriter then in an infinite amount of time they will type out all of Shakespeare's plays. You see I felt that in all this time Paul would write one editorial that would make some sense. Instead he just makes the same mistakes over and over.

The first mistake Paul always makes is in his personal taste. You see Paul has this love for the Montreal music scene. He rambles on forever in the Banned Info section talking to all these local bands and getting silly quotes from a member of the band which just add up to the same thing over and over, stuff like "ya we're back in the studio" and "we've got a big tour coming up" and "we're going to be big and get rich anyday."

Sorry, but all those quotes from these bands are fine and they make everybody feel that they're part of a "strong" scene when in fact there is no "scene" and there hasn't been one in years. All you've got now are a bunch of bands and a few clubs to play in and only two active labels both of which seem to put out only certain types of music.

Considering the size of this city there should be a much stronger "scene" than RearGarde could cover and Jenny Ross could gossip about.

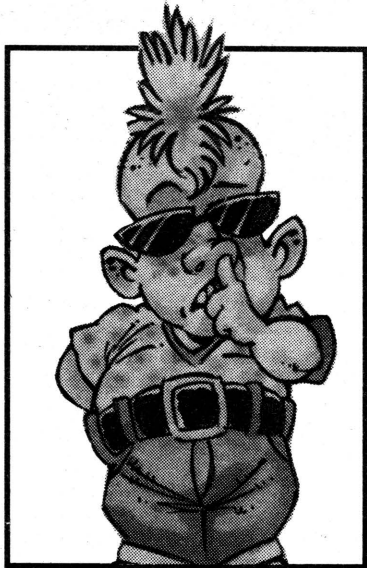
Is the problem the lack of good bands? Is it the geography aspect—are we too far away from the Southern Ontario metropolis to make touring here worthwhile? Or are we faced with a long-held view that Montrealers want to go to Discos and do coke and dance?

I doubt it's a lack of good bands: We have some of the old guard left in bands like Deja Voodoo, Condition, the Asexuals, the Nils etc... and we have some of the other older bands still around, albeit in different forms; 39 Steps or the new Three O'Clock Train (or is it the Mack Mackenzie Project?). The new bands that have come along to replace

them are in some cases fine but they end up going through the motions. A recent example where "a high-profile gig" for one band was playing the New Year's Eve show at the Rialto. Oh boy, high-profile for who? The band because the stage was higher than anywhere else in the city?

Try and follow me here, but most of the record companies are based in Toronto. The labels are not going to send their reps to Montreal to see a band because they played a show with a ton of other bands and drew a crowd to a movie theatre. They're going to go see a band that can fill a club every time they play it. When the line-ups happen the labels will be there in those line-ups.

In this city we have access to probably the second largest source of national media in the country. We've got national radio shows that are based out of Montreal, a video channel just a few doors over from Foufounes that beams all



GRAPHIC: FRANK LINTZEN

over the country. Granted 99.9 % of its viewers are in Quebec but hey there are people watching Musique Plus in Vancouver and some of these University students at McGill and Concordia from out of town are sitting back on a boring Tuesday night with a six-pack watching the French-language video channel and goofing at the latest Mitsou videos.

When you can get a band in the clubs and get them the national exposure through our local sources you should get out on the road and tour the shit out of Ontario bars. I say Ontario bars because you can drive from Ottawa to Windsor and knock off an easy dozen shows. Do it again two, three months later and you can bet you'll have a following.

Can't find where to play? That's crap, just phone the local campus stations in those cities and they'll tell you all the clubs in their areas. Need their numbers? Just drop by CKUT or CRSG, I'm sure they'll help you secure a list of Campus stations across Canada, it's not a major secret.

Instead of this we have local bands sitting around waiting for an opening spot at Foufounes or the Club Soda and going into studios and talking 'bout the demo that's going to wow the labels. You see, if bands in Montreal would realize that yes, there can be a scene in Montreal but you have to create it yourself. Like any true Canadians, Montrealers are going to only go see something that has made it elsewhere.

The hype factor is big enough to make me believe that that is the way to do it. A case in point is the Doughboys. They got the machine well-oiled, did a couple "surprise" gigs in town, went on a huge tour and came back as "local legends." Believe in hype. It worked for them.

Now us visitors to these shows... well I can't start telling you to go out and see every show that comes to town and see every local band and buy their t-shirts and tapes and never miss a show, that's asking too much. But it does help to phone CKUT and CHOM's "alternative show", whatever it's called now, and make requests for some band you saw the night before at Station Ten or the Tycoon. Most of the DJ's on CKUT were not at that show and have probably never seen the band you saw—they were off studying or listening to tapes of their old shows or something like that. You have to give them a little push, once they hear a demo they were always afraid to cue up they might go back to it and play it a little more often.

As for the geography factor, well we can have all the live shows we want. Whenever Ontario bands come to town they freak at Montreal. They've never seen anything like Montreal in Ontario so shows here are almost as good as a vacation. Ever notice that when these Ontario bands come here you've probably heard of them before, maybe it has something to do with MuchMusic and their Concert listings, or their independent video shows or their interviews. Whatever it is, Toronto bands seem to use their national resources a lot better than our local "scene".

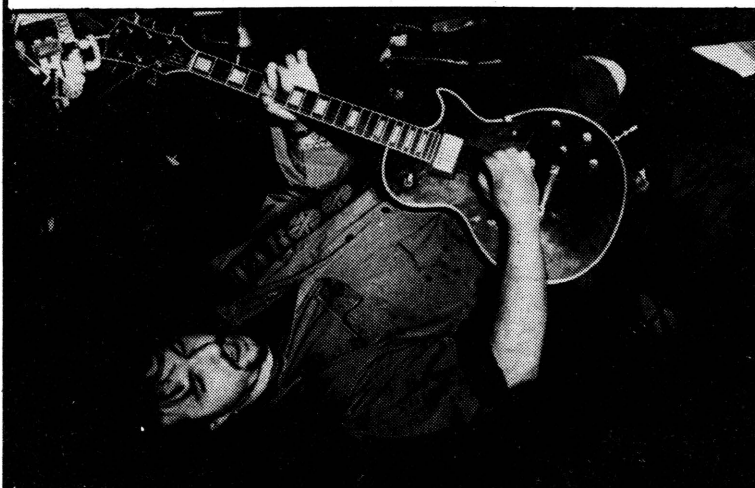
"Scene." What bullshit, as far as I can tell the only "scene" in Montreal is the Speedmetal crowd who go to every show and have bands to support that are making it on an international stage. The rest of the bands that never seem to get out of town seem to just remain stagnant.

I was going to go on and rant on a helluva lot more but Paul tells me I have ran outta space. Maybe in the future I'll be allowed to voice my displeasure with the clubs in the city and let you all know that I don't hate every band in the city. My comments in the listings are not always directed at the bands, just for the reader to have something interesting to read. I mean would you like to see something like this: **Foufounes; Failsafe Hardcore**. Cheers, there's more comin' where this came from.

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell
"seen"

EN GARDE

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Editor/Designer: Paul Gott

Managing Editor: Emma Tibaldo

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Contributors: Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell, Phil Saunders, Lorrie Edmonds, Greg Miller, Selim Sora, Steve Doucet, Sonja Chichak, Sylvie Payne, John Coinner, Wendy, Blake Cheetah, Ewan MacDonald, Rina Gribovsky, Peter Johnson esq., Shawn Scallen, Mark, Louis Rastelli, Bery, Allie, Burnt Barfett, Claudia D'Amico, Iain Cook, Mitch Brisebois, John Sekerka, Rick Trembles, Ria Stochel, J.D. Head

Advertising Manager: Tony Russell

Advertising Personnel: Nadia D'Amico

Distribution Coordinator: Brian Kassiah, Blake Cheetah

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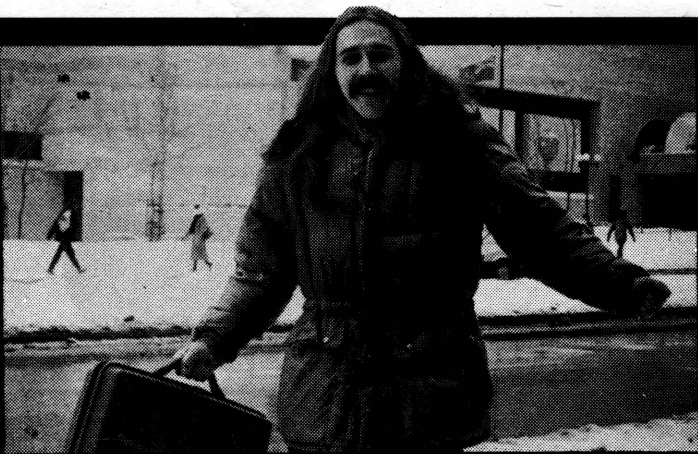
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RearGarde is funded in part by a grant from those happy folks down at the Jeunes Volontaires Program. And—have we mentioned it recently?—boy, are we happy.



Ben Hoffman.

Capital Punishment

By John Sekerka

The second weekend of every month is now known as Saturday Night Live on the Carlton Campus. The every first event was kicked off by a multimedia simulcast (CKCU and Skyline Cable TV) of a country hoedown at Roosters' Bar. Lucky Ron and T.O.'s Grievous Angels did the inaugural honours.

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PHOTO: Twilight

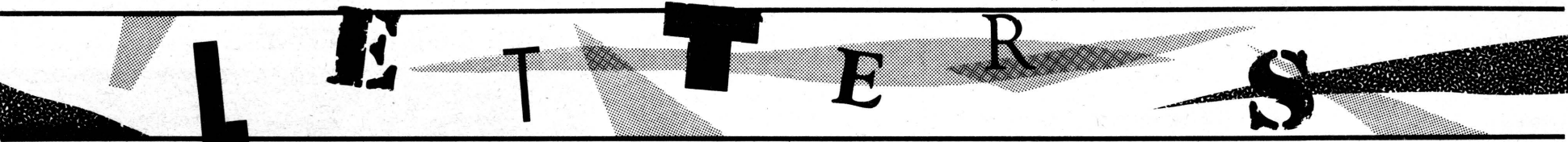
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Golf Godz

To the Editor,

Sorry I had to right anona mrs. Lee this way but it's for my own protection. Jeezus is coming!! Rear garde has been chosen as one of many. You as editor will no what to do when the time comes. You will be informed when the signs arrive. Signed,

The PGA golf Tournament people (John 3:13)

Stupid and Wonderful

Dear Mr. Wunnerful:

This letter is to help relieve your pathetic (albeit humorous) confusion in the listings in the back of *RearGarde*. As you are now well aware, the *Wackies* have disappeared into the comedic void and are no longer performing at Station 10 for Comedy nights.

Hungry and Stupid are now performing every single Sunday (beginning February) at the now world famous comedy venue known as Station 10. Every Sunday will be based on a certain theme and very few skits will be repeated, which is necessary since we all have Alzheimers, never write anything down and can barely read any ways which is evident in this letter.

According to Paul (Gott) you have been informed of the changes already. We would also like to let you know well in advance the theme for each night but we don't know well enough in advance ourselves. There is a two dollar cover charge (unless you can use your powerful journalistic influence to weasel yourself in for free). We don't care because we don't really see any of the money anyways.

The MC and organizer of these Comedy Extravaganzas is Robert Leclaire (me) and there will be several local comedians performing for each show in between skits.

Most of the members of *Hungry and Stupid* are local comedians as well and we have been performing together for six months. We also now have the

Hungry and Stupid radio show on *CRSG* every Friday afternoon. Don't slag us anymore, we're fuckin' professionals don't ya know.

Keep up the good work (stroke, stroke) and we'll see you there.

Yours Dyslexicly,
Robert Leclaire

P.S. It's also kind of like open mike night too, so even you can do something since you're so funny. (Says who?—Ed. staff).

The Great White North

Letter to the Editor:

I've never seen your paper, but I'm writing in hopes that someone there will be able to pass a message to *Deja Voodoo*. Don't let them go to the Bahamas in February. So cliché, so hot. Tell them to toss glimpses of belly-buttons and beaches and come north instead. Gerard, pass the Coconut Rum served with pineapples with little paper

umbrellas and exotic flowers and perform at Frostbite. Has anyone been North in February? If so confirm for me the incredible colours, the sky, moon rises and moon sets, the crystals and diamonds in the snow at low temperatures and the hungry bush bunnies; ready to dance in a condemned gym until all hours.

Please don't go. Why the urge to join Canadian tourists hungry for relapse and romance in the Bahamas? Here, in the Yukon, we are waiting in anticipation. If my Montreal contact, who incidentally is coming to the Yukon for Frostbite, is in error with regards to the rumored trip south forgive this impertinence and I can't wait to see you in Whitehorse.

Jeddie Russell
Faro, Yukon Territory

Gerard says, we never go to the Bahamas, we're going to Finland. It's better in Finland.

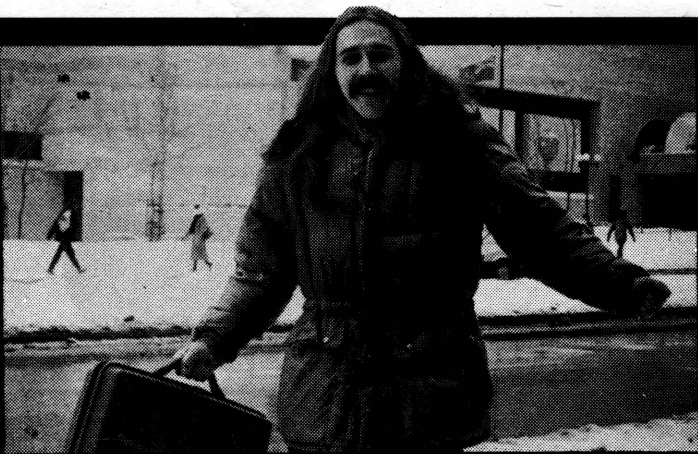
Dr. Drugs

Dear *RearGarde*

In your November 1988 issue of *RearGarde*, Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell, in a review of some sort said, "that sixties flashback stuff is not his speed." Well Mr. Campbell's gratuitous use of puns finally backfired. First of all it wasn't punny and secondly as far as I know you can't get flashbacks from speed—even in the sixties.

For *RearGarde* Medical Watch,
Dr. Glenn Thompson

Hey, yo, gang.
We like getting letters and we feel we don't get nearly enough of 'em. Come on, we'll print almost anything. Why should we be the only ones to make fools of ourselves in print? C'mon, that address again is *RearGarde*, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4.



Ben Hoffman.

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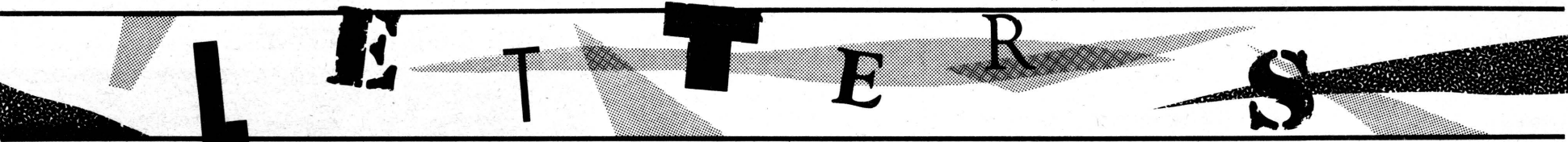
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Stupid and Wonderful

Dear Mr. Wunnerful:

This letter is to help relieve your pathetic (albeit humorous) confusion in the listings in the back of *RearGarde*. As you are now well aware, the *Wackies* have disappeared into the comedic void and are no longer performing at Station 10 for Comedy nights.

Hungry and Stupid are now performing every single Sunday (beginning February) at the now world famous comedy venue known as Station 10. Every Sunday will be based on a certain theme and very few skits will be repeated, which is necessary since we all have Alzheimers, never write anything down and can barely read anyway which is evident in this letter.

According to Paul (Gott) you have been informed of the changes already. We would also like to let you know well in advance the theme for each night but we don't know well enough in advance ourselves. There is a two dollar cover charge (unless you can use your powerful journalistic influence to weasel yourself in for free). We don't care because we don't really see any of the money anyways.

The MC and organizer of these Comedy Extravaganzas is Robert Leclaire (me) and there will be several local comedians performing for each show in between skits.

Most of the members of *Hungry and Stupid* are local comedians as well and we have been performing together for six months. We also now have the

Hungry and Stupid radio show on *CRSG* every Friday afternoon. Don't slag us anymore, we're fuckin' professionals don't ya know.

Keep up the good work (stroke, stroke) and we'll see you there.

Yours Dyslexicly,
Robert Leclaire

P.S. It's also kind of like open mike night too, so even you can do something since you're so funny. (Says who?—Ed. staff).

The Great White North

Letter to the Editor:

I've never seen your paper, but I'm writing in hopes that someone there will be able to pass a message to *Deja Voodoo*. Don't let them go to the Bahamas in February. So cliché, so hot. Tell them to toss glimpses of belly-buttons and beaches and come north instead. Gerard, pass the Coconut Rum served with pineapples with little paper

umbrellas and exotic flowers and perform at Frostbite. Has anyone been North in February? If so confirm for me the incredible colours, the sky, moon rises and moon sets, the crystals and diamonds in the snow at low temperatures and the hungry bush bunnies; ready to dance in a condemned gym until all hours.

Please don't go. Why the urge to join Canadian tourists hungry for relapse and romance in the Bahamas? Here, in the Yukon, we are waiting in anticipation. If my Montreal contact, who incidentally is coming to the Yukon for Frostbite, is in error with regards to the rumored trip south forgive this impertinence and I can't wait to see you in Whitehorse.

Jeddie Russell
Faro, Yukon Territory

Gerard says, we never go to the Bahamas, we're going to Finland. It's better in Finland.

Dr. Drugs

Dear *RearGarde*

In your November 1988 issue of *RearGarde*, Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell, in a review of some sort said, "that sixties flashback stuff is not his speed." Well Mr. Campbell's gratuitous use of puns finally backfired. First of all it wasn't punny and secondly as far as I know you can't get flashbacks from speed—even in the sixties.

For *RearGarde* Medical Watch,
Dr. Glenn Thompson

Hey, yo, gang.
We like getting letters and we feel we don't get nearly enough of 'em. Come on, we'll print almost anything. Why should we be the only ones to make fools of ourselves in print? C'mon, that address again is *RearGarde*, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4.



Condition.

PHOTO: C. Woo

member. "He's always been a little disorganized financially and I guess he couldn't handle being in a band that isn't making money."

But SCUM are still sending out their recent demo and looking for a company to put out their second LP. "We're sending out demos regardless," says Georges. "Whatever happens, we'll probably end up taking a lot of time and

we'll have plenty of time to practice with a new vocalist."

Rotating Membership, Part III: Fail-Safe is yet another Montreal band sending out East for members. "K.P., our guitarist, quit. He just couldn't handle the heavy commitment the band was asking for," says bassist Ewan. "Now Fail-Safe'll be three-quarters Maritime rock 'n roll with the addition

of Giles Osbourne on guitar. It's the second coming of Giles."

Osbourne played with Fail-Safe prior to the release of their first album, and this new addition has delayed the band's plans a little, though they weren't going to be doing much around now anyhow.

"It isn't putting us off practicing because you can't practice with a drummer with a broken leg," says Ewan. "I've been trying to think of something amusing to say about how he broke it, like he broke it while attending the Bill 178 demonstration in Westmount. But it isn't very funny and he wouldn't like it, so Don't Print It. Actually, all he really did was fall on the ice."

"But we're taking this opportunity to actually sit down and write songs for the first time in about a year..."

Also getting a plug is the band Ewan drums for: "Yeah, the **Ripcordz** are rocking and rolling like maniacs," says Mr. MacDonald. "They're practicing not once, but twice a week." Could ruin the whole sound of the band. Folks in general can find out when the band plays its first show in three years at Station 10 this month...

OMIGAWD, another membership change Department: Shlonk has lost their drummer "Because he's such a bonehead," says Angie. But the band plays on regardless, putting a track on some compilation record and planning at least one show in New York with the **Lunachicks** and our own **Corpusse**. They're not overly concerned with their lack of rhythm section according to Angie: "Oh, we can get a drummer, we can find one to practice with us while we look for someone more permanent. People just join the band and then they go 'We don't like it.' I don't understand, but there's always more people out there looking to play."

Big Shows On Their Way: Looks



BANNED INFO

like there should be a big show at Concordia happening in March... The **Rialto** Cinema is hosting its first Big Name music concert as the **Nick Cave** show overflowed from the **Foufounes** into the much larger theatre... And there is a rumoured **DBC** Pajama Party planned for McGill in April or May. This one to be presented by Gary Shapiro, whose recent McGill show at least broke even.

"Here's a quote for you: 'Fuck Men Without Hats'," says Shapiro, still re-

Clashing In Style

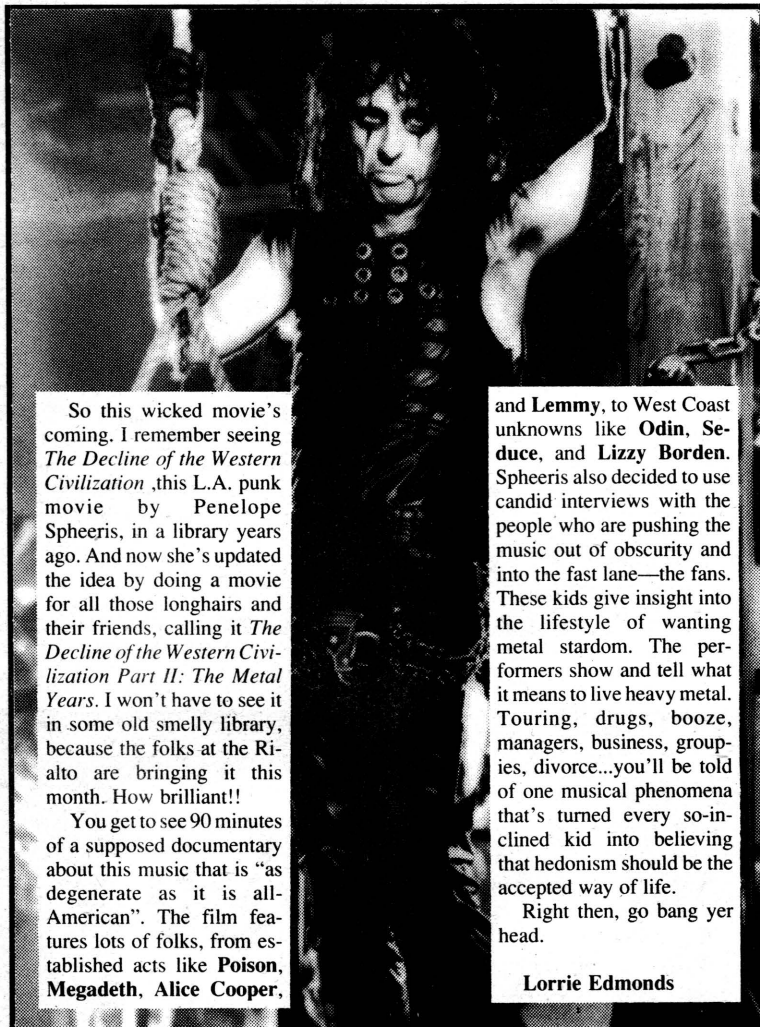
Jah Cutta's reggae, the **Swinging Relatives'** ska and **Images'** funk form the basis of the Cultural Clash show happening February 11 at Concordia University in downtown Montreal.

The show is a benefit for the Aspirational Sports Academic Advancement Program (ASAAP) which is trying to get kids from inner-city schools oriented towards furthering their education.

"A lot of these kids are looking for the quick scam. We're trying to get them to look towards university for the answer," says organizer Felix Weekes. "We've been developing this for three years and now we're at the point of being able to implement it."

Even if you don't support the cause ('tho, why not?), the music should bring a diverse crowd to the Hall Building on the eleventh. "We're trying to attract people from different backgrounds—they might discover some new music themselves," says Felix.

Tickets are \$6 in advance, \$7 at the door. The show starts at 8 PM.



So this wicked movie's coming. I remember seeing *The Decline of the Western Civilization*, this L.A. punk movie by Penelope Spheeris, in a library years ago. And now she's updated the idea by doing a movie for all those longhairs and their friends, calling it *The Decline of the Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years*. I won't have to see it in some old smelly library, because the folks at the Rialto are bringing it this month. How brilliant!!

You get to see 90 minutes of a supposed documentary about this music that is "as degenerate as it is all-American". The film features lots of folks, from established acts like **Poison**, **Megadeth**, **Alice Cooper**,

and **Lemmy**, to West Coast unknowns like **Odin**, **Seduce**, and **Lizzy Borden**. Spheeris also decided to use candid interviews with the people who are pushing the music out of obscurity and into the fast lane—the fans. These kids give insight into the lifestyle of wanting metal stardom. The performers show and tell what it means to live heavy metal. Touring, drugs, booze, managers, business, groupies, divorce...you'll be told of one musical phenomena that's turned every so-inclined kid into believing that hedonism should be the accepted way of life.

Right then, go bang yer head.

Lorrie Edmonds



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ISSUE: 5
"Meeting Chicks"

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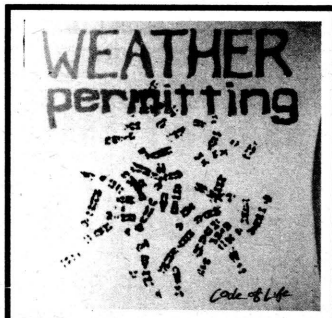
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HEY CREEP... QUIT FOLLOWIN' ME!

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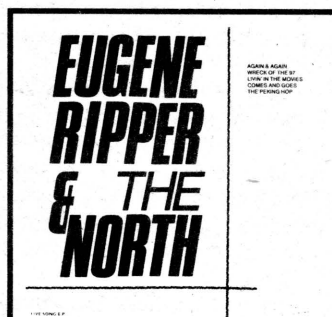
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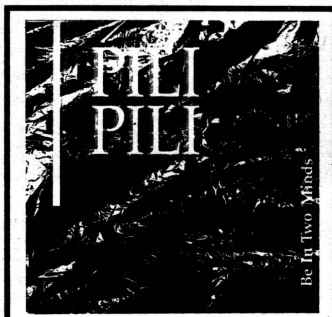
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covering from the show. "These guys—seven years ago they were in the same position at shows and now they always want to get in for free and take away money from me and, more importantly, from the bands. It's not like they don't have the bucks. It's nice that they still hang around and support the scene, but they've got to help the bands where it counts—in their wallets."

The "Oh, Gee" Department: We caught Gerard of OG/Voodoo as he was heading out the door in the general direction of Finland but he passed on a good ten minutes worth of propaganda before he left...

The *What Wave* magazine compilation LP has been assembled. Called *Mr. Garagers Neighbourhood*, it features 17 garage-type bands (mostly Canadian) including UIC, the Cynics, the Gruesomes, Thee Fourgiven, the Bagg Team and, oh, about 12 other groups... UIC's live album has been confirmed. It's called *Brilliantly Enough... UIC Live*. "Needless to say, we had nothing to do with the name," says Gerard... Montreal's **Captain Crunch** and **Let's Do Lunch** will also have an LP on OG... the **Dik Van Dykes**' next album is planned for late March "but it's going to be pretty tight because none of it's recorded yet." Good luck... And the **Gruesomes** are working on a video for the song *Hey!* "It's going to be a funny video with lots of stuff stolen from the Three Stooges. Only now it's the four stooges, I guess."

Voodoo are off to Europe on the first but managed to record a new track for the *RearGarde* comp and to release the new *Voodoo Train* before they left, just so we had something to remember them by...

The Return Of The Hey E.J. Department: Monsieur Brulé has returned from semi-retirement in a big way, with a planned tape release and new improved "toys". "Technology has finally caught up with what I'm trying to do," says E.J. "I picked up some new toys that'll really take the rough edges off some of the songs—it's changing my whole sound. I mean, headsets just weren't this good or this cheap three years ago."

His cassette is called *Freedom of Speech* and is 40 minutes long—half studio, half live. It also includes a mini poster of the man himself: "It has an E.J. centrefold inside, just the right size for your fridge." No offense, but I'm not sure what that might do to my appetite, E.J.

...The **Elementals** enter the '89 Montreal album sweepstakes with *Selling Out Big Time...* The **Slackers** are a new band with ex-members of Three O'Clock Train and the Fast and the Fury. Coming soon to **Station 10**... The **Asexuals**' new LP is mixed and ready for release... **BAB** is alive and kicking and doing some recording at CRSG...

Mack Mackenzie is out doing solo shows around town, such as backing at Shawn Phillips at Club Soda. And he's recording demos at the CBC studios where our favourite bloated corporation (the CBC, not Mack) blows bucks wads of dough recording musicians for stuff that'll only ever be heard on the CBC. (Budget cutbacks indeed). And Mr. Mack's last word: "The new Steve Earle album sucks shit. You can quote



The old SCUM.

PHOTO: Julie-Anne Cardinal

me on that." Yeah, yeah. Get a haircut.

Vinyl Overload Department: The **Northern Vultures** are finally getting a record out. They're now recording a four-song single and have a launch planned for April at the Foufounes. "We're also playing Quebec City on April 24th and we're heading back to Toronto," says Kelly, relaying some info over the phone. "Wow, this is great—it's the first I've heard of it... Drummers are always the last to know..."

Hey, Yo, Get A Sense Of Humour Department: Seems that the **Birth Defects** were getting a bit of flak after their interview last issue: "People were taking that (making fun of) *Damnation* part too seriously. The interview was done in a laughing, joking atmosphere. Hey, we owe them—they gave us our first breaks." Meantime, the band is taking a break to prepare for some recording. They're planning a 10 to 14 song, 30 to 40 minute demo which would be available (like They say) in cool record stores...

Will The Real Broken Smile Please Stand Up Department: Finally back together after moving here from Edmonton, the **Real Broken Smile** are planning some demo action, a March show in Toronto and maybe even a show in Florida. "We don't want to play Montreal before we play other cities," says guitarist Brian. "Montreal crowds are so finicky."

Last month the guys did some heavy research for their Florida gig: "The whole band went on vacation to the Dominican Republic. Yee-hoo," says Brian. "We even played *Tequila* in a bar and got free food and drinks all night because of it. And I came back with a rock 'n roll tan."

Get A New Name Department: **Bliss** are off and running with three shows planned; backing **Soul Side** at Foufounes on the fifth, playing with the **Ripcordz** at Station 10 on the 22nd and playing an anti-racism show at the **Rialto** or **Spectrum** in early March. They also have stickers, t-shirts, and a demo planned in the near future...

The New Music Fest has been postponed due to the chief sponsor chicken-

ing out: "We had 14 shows planned with 42 bands and all our smaller sponsors were lined up," says fest organizer Duncan McTavish. "But when our corporate sponsor backed out we had to delay it all because we couldn't publicize it properly. I mean, you can have the best bands in the world playing, but if nobody hears about them, none of that matters."

Finally, we've got that *RearGarde* compilation, tentatively called *On Garde*. Fourteen bands are planned to be on it including the **Asexuals**, **SCUM**, **Hazy Azure**, **Groovy Aardvark**, **Fail-Safe**, **Ripcordz**, **Shlonk**, **Rise**, **Three O'Clock Train**, **My Dog Popper**, the **Infamous Basturds**, **Deja Voodoo** and a couple we can't tell

you about yet.

Impressive? We hope so. None of the songs are available elsewhere, with many of the bands going into the studio specially for this record. And all at their own expense as this is a benefit type of deal where we hope to make tons of dough and keep putting out bigger, more frequent and better editions of this rag. Ta everyone.

P.S. A hearty Bronx cheer to Warren "Mr. Pessimist" Campbell from Paul "Mr. Optimist" Gott. May a ton of fetid tampons be delivered unto your residence, C.O.D.

This month's **Banned Info** was compiled by Paul Gott and J.D. Head from the *RearGarde* wired services.



So do you think you're the new Jimi Hendrix? The new Jack Williamson? Eric Clapton? Steve Jones? Heck, can you even play guitar? If 'no'—why the heck not? If yes, then you can get in on the "Guitar Warz" national competition that's in Montreal courtesy of Station 10.

Every Monday night throughout February, local guitar whizzes can strut their stuff, with the finalists appearing on March 13. They stand a chance to win a Fender Stratocaster and be sent to the national finals in Toronto where they could win \$5000 plus recording equipment worth \$5000.

"What do you mean—'Why Station 10?' Because we are what we are," says club owner Casey. "What kind of a stupid question is this? We do what we do and we do it well."

Okay, let's try a new track...

"It's open to anybody who feels he's a good guitarist. Just how good will be determined by the judges, obviously," says Casey. "You can pick up application forms at the bar from 1 PM to 3 AM and you can compete more than once. Deadline for applications is March 4."

Also coming to Station 10: The return of **Elvis**, backed by the **Hardrock Goners** on March 30, the **Gong Show** (now This is quality entertainment) and the **Alfred E. Neuman** look-alike contest "where you can win a trip to the Bahamas... or something," says Casey. Probably "or something." I'm still waiting for the **Battle of the Casey Impersonators**.

FE FAIL-SAFE FAIL-SAFE F

When you think of Montreal hardcore, the name **Fail-Safe** instantly comes to mind. They've been pleasing audiences for a couple of years now with their intense emotional style. In December I met up with the band's bassist Ewan, guitarist K.P. and singer Iain. On stage the band is wild and energetic. However off stage they are surprisingly laid back, especially Iain who is always calm and soft spoken.

RearGarde: When are you guys coming out with a new album?

Ewan: We've been talking to a local label and they've expressed some interest in maybe doing a second record with us. We haven't defined all the details or anything but we're hoping that that's going to happen and that tentatively it might be out as early as the spring.

RearGarde: Have you recorded anything for it yet?

K.P.: We did one recording, three songs about a month and a half ago. We don't know whether we're going to use them or not though, it depends.

RearGarde: I guess you must have written enough material for a full album by now.

K.P.: I think we're missing a few songs actually.

Iain: We can get extended dance mixes in to fill it out.

RearGarde: Tell me about some of the newer songs. How are they different from your older stuff?

Iain: When we did the older stuff on the album, we didn't have K.P. as a guitarist so he brought his own style to the band and I'm not at liberty to discuss what kind of style it is.

Ewan: Along that same line, we also have a drummer Peter who's been with us since just after we recorded the last album and he's brought a lot to the band as well.

RearGarde: Are there any changes lyrically?

Iain: Yeah, there's a couple of things. We're trying to incorporate more backup vocals. On the first record we didn't have any at all. Also I guess I have less words per song now with more emphasis put on the words. I really haven't been conscious of that but I guess when you look back and see the change, it's quite evident.

Ewan: It appears to me that we've ended up placing fewer words but putting them in more strategic places in the song. It seems that Iain's voice is acting less like the high hat sound of the drums that is constant and steady. Now it's

PHOTO: Derek Lebrero

FAIL SAFE

more like the cymbal crashes which add emphasis and propulsion. I don't know if that's a good analogy, Iain?

Iain: Yeah, I just hate it when Pete uses me as cymbals. It's pretty crazy.

RearGarde: Do you all contribute to the songwriting in the band? How is it divided up? Is it one person who writes all the lyrics?

Ewan: Well, John Lennon usually writes all the words and Paul McCartney does all the music.

Iain: And Barry Manilow does all the arranging. You know how expensive these guys are to write songs for you?

RearGarde: One song I've heard from one of your demos is the song *Why?*, which is about suicide. Is it based on a specific incident, someone you know?

Iain: I think everybody knows somebody in their lives who has committed suicide. That song comes from a couple of experiences I've had with people. There aren't that many people around who haven't thought, you know, what's the use of continuing, of going on living. It's something that's common to us all and I think a lot of people are able to understand what's happening in that song.

RearGarde: One thing I noticed about when you play live, you get the audience to request songs. How did that idea come about?

K.P.: We usually write a set list but we usually lose it by the time we get to the stage, so it's easier that way.

RearGarde: It works well too.

K.P.: Yeah, People in Montreal seem to know our songs really well.

RearGarde: Even songs that haven't been recorded yet, I've noticed.

Ewan: We've been lucky in the fact that we've been able to play in front of people quite often so that even with the newer material, a lot of people have a vague familiarity with it. I guess when we get around to recording this material, people will have an idea what we're on about with the stuff they have

heard live and we're hoping that they will conjure up images of seeing us live when they hear these songs. Hopefully we'll also have some brand spanking new ones that will impress people all to bits.

Iain: On those same lines, there's nothing worse than going to a show when the band leaves their favorite song either for an encore or at the end. It seems like audience manipulation. Where we let the audience dictate what they want to hear, it seems a bit more honest way to approach things. I think everybody's happier that way.

RearGarde: You guys have been around the Montreal music scene for a while. What do you think of it at its present state?

K.P.: It's fun, it's great!

RearGarde: What do you think of other bands around town? Do you think the scene has changed?

K.P.: We need more bands! I think music in general is always changing, the scene is changing. As people you hear more and more music and are influenced by different bands that are coming out. I'm impressed with the music scene in general. I think it's a very healthy scene and I think everybody should have a band. It's a lot of fun. I'd encourage it definitely.

RearGarde: Are there any local bands you'd promote right now, that you think are really happening?

Ewan: I really like **Asexuals**. I enjoy their stuff a lot. They've made a really big change from where they started to

where they are now. They started playing just thrash and it ended up that that they play this really upbeat swinging hard rockin' pop music nowadays. I think with all that background in the punk rock and thrash kind of thing, it brings a new angle to the pop sound.

RearGarde: What are some of your musical influences and what are some of the bands you listen to these days?

Iain: I guess, in the past you start off listening to...

K.P.: Abba!

Iain: Yes, Abba, that's the first band I started listening to. Then you get your new wave bands. I like **Devo** a lot. Also a lot of the post punk bands like **Buzzcocks** and things like that. Right now I'm listening to a lot of **Sinead O'Connor**. She's got a great voice. Cool haircut, too.

Ewan: I have to admit, I'm a keen fan of the stuff **Henry Rollins** does. For passion and power in music, he's got a pretty good handle on that. Actually, I've been listening to some of that new **U2** record *Rattle and Hum* and some of that is really fun. I went and saw the movie and enjoyed it thoroughly.

RearGarde: I've heard that a couple of you are involved in some other projects outside of Fail-Safe. For instance Iain, you have **Bliss**, and Ewan, you're with the **Ripcordz** and **Dr. D**. But I assume Fail-Safe is still firmly together, right?

Ewan: Priorité numero un.

Iain: No wait, c'mon guys we gotta do the **My Dog Popper** trip. We're breaking up.

Ewan: Our last show is tentatively booked for February third at Foutfoues.

K.P.: We're not really a possessive band in that sense. Some bands get upset when members do something else but I think if Iain sings with another band it's that much better for his voice. He gets more practice and Ewan is playing bass every day and that's great because everybody who plays

music knows the more you do it the better it can be.]

RearGarde: How do you find other cities compare to Montreal who maybe aren't as familiar with the band as we are? Do they still respond as favorably to you?

K.P.: Out east they're really friendly.

Ewan: Yeah, we have received favorable response. I hope that when people do see us they can come away from the show and then say to themselves, "this is what I took out of the show" and if they got a good thing from the show then that's a good response. It's a little hard to get feedback that way but we do manage to talk to as many people as we can. I would guess that the people who do speak negatively probably wouldn't come up and tell you though I'd like to hear that... on the rare occasion that one might have a negative critique of the band.

Iain: I can just see it, next time we play. There'll be people waiting there with rotting vegetables.

RearGarde: Iain, I've heard you've just become a dad recently. Could that place any restrictions on the band. Are you going to have to be more responsible and give up the life of a wild rock and roller?

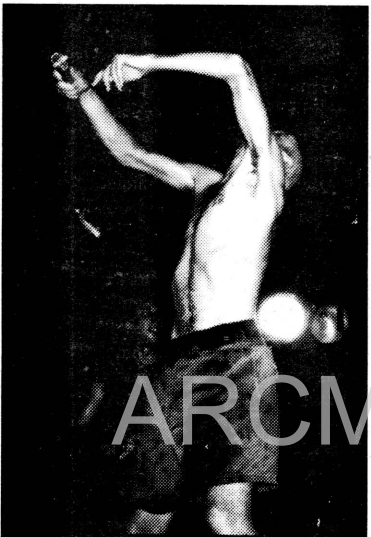
Iain: Yeah, I figure I'll have to tone down my stage acts. I'll just be sitting on a stool the whole time... No, I think it's just another thing you have to think about like anything else. It's like K.P. just got married this August. We're the most domestic band.

K.P.: Fail-Safe, the family band.

Ewan: We'll wind up like the **Grateful Dead** with three busloads of families with us.

Since the time of this interview, there have been a couple of changes in the Fail-Safe camp. The biggest news is the departure of guitar player K.P. who left because his daytime career would prevent him from dedicating enough time to the band. His replacement named Giles, like Iain and Ewan comes from Halifax. He already spent a short time with Fail-Safe and wrote the song Challenge before Angie was in the band. Because of this line-up change, they won't be playing any shows until March at the earliest. Other than that things are really looking up. They have secured a record deal with Cargo records which could also give the album distribution in the United States. The band are even planning a tour of Europe this summer.

Interview conducted by Selim Sora.



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SKINNY PUPPY

by Sonja Chichak

Skinny Puppy has got to be one of the strangest live acts around. The stage show is macabre and downright gory. Their props include fake blood, mud, chain-saws, skulls, electric chairs and an operating table on which lead singer-ogre Nivek Ckeun (his first name spelled backwards) performs a vivisection on a toy dog.

"People have to understand the show instead of just saying 'this guy's covered with mud and blood.' Why?" says Cevin Key who plays drums and keyboards.

The dramatics are all in protest to the cruelty of animals used for laboratory experiments, and are inserted to jolt open people's minds.

Ironically, two of the band members were arrested in Cincinnati in November. It seems that an alarmed audience member mistook the stuffed dog for real and called the police—an innocent mistake considering the tons of smoke coming from the stage.

"We should start the night before, in Detroit," says Key, relating the incident. "After Dwayne (Gletks—keyboards, effects) was hit in the head with a beer bottle on stage, we stopped the show and went backstage. In the commotion our dog Chud the wonder dog was stolen. At that time we thought that Chud was gone. We decided to go after him. We hired this mohawk-skinhead guy to lead the way at about seven-thirty in

the morning and got him back from the girl that had stolen him.

"So the next night in Cincinnati on stage we were all feeling pretty jovial about having Chud back. So I guess in a way Ogre was using him very well that night because we had sort of taken for granted that he wasn't going to be there anymore.

"After the show, we were sitting backstage and the door comes bursting open and it was like 'Where's the dog, where's the goddamn dog?' So Dan McGee our manager stands up and says 'Who are you guys?' and they go 'Fuck you' and push him down on the couch. Then all of a sudden there's like five people pushing around and I stand up. This guy screams 'Where's the fucking dog?' He didn't show me his badge or anything like that beforehand. He picks up Chud and figures out that it's a toy. Because of the way he barged in like a Rambo sort of guy obviously he's going to get a reaction."

Two band members and the manager were promptly arrested for disorderly conduct... A weird turn of events considering the fact that they were accused of the very thing their whole tour is devoted to stopping.

"The whole irony of the situation is that it goes on everyday in laboratories all across America and everywhere," says Key. "There's no police busting in and telling them to sit down or anything like that. It's ridiculous. So of course we're going to be a little paranoid when some jerk

PHOTO:
SONJA CHICHAK



comes into the dressing room, especially when we just worked seven and a half hours the night before recovering Chud."

Getting arrested hasn't changed their intensity in concert, though. The concert blazed with lights and smoke and Ogre growled through his angry and incomprehensible lyrics. During his obviously well-prepared performance, films about animal rights flashed in the background. It was difficult to concentrate on both at the same time, but the message was so blatant, it didn't matter.

"We feel that the filmstrips and slides are an interpretation of the particular sound that's going on at the time. There's a lot of animal rights groups that will send you footage of the true facts. If you want to see them, the facts are there. But it won't be until then that you'll believe that vivisection and animal rights are a thing that must be dealt with," says Key.

If travelling to the middle of Lafontaine Park at night to see a show doesn't bother you, you're probably easy prey to "Puppyism." It seems to affect those under twenty-five who wear a lot of makeup and dress in black Shreds. One of their fans has even been following them across the continent on this tour.

The music is heavy-duty industrialized distortion that definitely falls into the 'alternative' side of rock. Since there's no guitars or bass in this Vancouver-based band, it's safe to assume that the synthesizer-dominated concert sound is achieved with the help of backing tapes.

"We use samples from movies in our music because they add a particular flavour to the sound," says Key. "There are certain moments in certain films where the statement that is being made is correct enough to be in the song. It's a certain kind of process to get one direction in the song—we see a certain thing and say, 'Okay, there's only one thing that could finish this off and that's Joe Spirell of Maniac saying 'I'm so Happy.' I know there are a lot of fans of horror movies, B-grade movies, science-fiction and surrealist movies out there like I am. To us, the real dramatic moment comes from somebody else who's acted this part out already."

"Our concept of the band must be different from other bands because

we're trying to achieve a multi-media purpose. Not to be living on one dimension but on three dimensions—theatre, music and visuals. If somebody doesn't get the message from what we have to offer then they're not allowing themselves to escape into our temporary world."

So how do the Theatrics translate into vinyl?

"That's just another side of the group really. A lot of it has to do with experimentating with stuff: with theatre, with the visual aids and the music. The music is stage one of the experiment. When we sit down to write we don't know what's going to turn out. The next stage is to find a spontaneous theatre to go along with the original spontaneity. It's a bit of an abstract art. It's not really a defined art from the beginning because we don't really know where the beginning and end will lie," says Key.

The only problem with the show was that no information was given, regarding ways to stop animal cruelty. Instead of selling massive amounts of T-shirts and posters—or at least alongside—there should have been a booth offering further information.

The name of the band according to Key can be interpreted as "life seen through a dog's eyes. The first song we did is called *Canine*. The master beats his wife and the dog looks through a keyhole and can't really speak up, and has this sort of numbness. The dog's expression would probably come out in something resembling a loud whimper or bark. We thought of that in more or less musical terms."

Ogre's brother, David Ogilvie produces their material.

So using some pretty swift logic we can deduce that Ogre's real name is Kevin Ogilvie—but don't tell anybody, maybe he's got a complex about it.

Incidentally, Ogre, being a vegetarian is consistent with this cause. They also all swear that they will never buy real leather again.

The growing popularity of Skinny Puppy is probably due to their enigmatic cult status. According to Key, "We're definitely an escape, unlike regular music where everything is documented and the straight road leads to the end of every song. Not many surprises these days. We think the music has to provide an escape for people to be satisfied."



ARCMTL

10



	WKS	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
C 1	2	13 ENGINES	BYRAM LAKE BLUES	NOCTURNAL
C 2	5	MY DOG POPPER	668, NEIGHBOUR OF THE BEAST	PATOIS
3	4	PAILHEAD	TRAIT	LUXA PAN / WAX TRAX
4	4	DR. EUGENE CHADBOURNE	IVE BEEN EVERYWHERE	FUNDAMENTAL
5	5	HALF-JAPANESE	CHARMED LIFE	50 SKADILLION WATTS
6	2	FEARLESS IRANIANS FROM HELL	HOLY WAR	BONER
C 7	1	HEIK & the SHAKES	CITIZEN KANE	SHADOW
8	4	PATSY CLINE	LIVE AT THE GRAND OLD OPRY	MCA
9	1	Various Artists	PAY IT ALL BACK volume 2	NETTWERK / CAPITOL-EMI
10	2	UNIVERSAL CONGRESS OF	MECOLODICS	SST
11	2	JOHNNY CASH	WATER FROM THE WELLS OF HOME	POLYGRAM
12	3	DINOSAUR JR.	BUG	SST
13	2	DAVID GRISMAN	HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS	ROUNDER / STONY PLAIN
14	2	the FALL	I AM KURIOS ORANJ	POLYGRAM
15	2	Various Artists	THE BLUES Volume 3	CHESS / MCA
16	5	SOUNDGARDEN	ULTRAMEGA OK	SST
17	3	PINETOP PERKINS	AFTER HOURS	BLIND PIG / FLYING FISH
18	2	RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY	NOTHING WRONG	POLYGRAM
C 19	4	SUDDEN IMPACT	SPLIT PERSONALITY	DIABOLIC FORCE / FRINGE
20	2	ANTHONY BRAXTON	QUARTET (LONDON) 1985	LEO
21	2	DEAD MILKMEN	BEEZLEBUBBA	ENIGMA
C 22	1	OVERSOUL SEVEN	OVERSOUL SEVEN	EDGE
23	2	MY DAD IS DEAD	THE BEST DEFENSE	HOMESTEAD
24	6	HENRY KAISER	Those Who Know History Are Doomed To Repeat It	SST
C 25	2	TEN COMMANDMENTS	WHEREVER I GO	SENSIBLE

This playlist represents the most played material at CHRY during the two weeks prior to January 16th, 1989
Playlists are compiled by CHRY Music Directors Edward Skira & Lisa Roosen-Runge

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CRSG TOP 33 1/3

FOR THE WEEK OF JANUARY 23-30, 1989

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1cc	SNFU	Better than a stick...	Cargo
2cc	Mtl Jubilation Choir	Jubilation II	Justin' Time
3	Front 242	Front by Front	Nettwerk
4cc	No Means No	Small Parts Isolated...	Alternative Tentacles
5	Various	One Little Indian	One Little Indian
6cc	Gruesomes	Hey	Og Music
7	Various	Y-A-T'll Un Pilote...	Bondage
8cc	Beatnigs	Television (12")	Alternative Tentacles
9	Various	Pay it All Back Vol.2	On U Sound
10cc	Elementals	Selling Out Big Time	Garden Hose
11	Bad Brains	Live	SST
12	Katie Webster	The Swamp Boogie Queen	Alligator
13	Naked Raygun	Jettison	Caroline
14	Wailing Souls	Kingston 14	Live & Learn
15	Dead Milkmen	Beelzebubba	Enigma
16cc	Dinosaur Jr.	Bug	SST
17	Pailhead	Trait	Wax Trax
18cc	Shuffle Demons	Streetniks	Stubby
19	KMFDM	Don't Blow Your Top	Wax Trax
20	Voivod	Dimension Hatross	Maze
21	Ray Anderson	Blues Bred in the Bone	Enja
22	Slapshot	Step On It	Taang
23	Sperm Wails	Sperm Wails	Cartel
24	Sonny Greenwich	Live At Sweet Basil	Justin' Time
25	Kronos Quartet	Winter Was Hard	Nonesuch
26	Lambsbread	International Love	LBI
27	Bill Bruford	Earthworks	Editions Eg
28	Various	Music is My Occupation	Trojan
29	MC Shan	Born to be Wild	Cold Chillin'
30cc	Wampas	Chauds Sales Et Humides	New Rose
31	Voix Bulgare	Volume Two	Nonesuch
32	Weather Permitting	Code of Life	Amok
33	Various	Big Band Jazz...	Delmark
1/3	Kni Crik	Kni Crik	V.I.S.A.

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REARGARDE BACK ISSUES

- #4. Skinny Puppy, The Cure, John Cale, The Residents, Secret Act, Tupelo Chain Sex. (16 pages) \$2.00.
- #5. Condition, Violent Femmes, Teenage Head, Hoodoo Gurus, Swinging Relatives, Rhythm Activism, Mecca Normal, Merik Trout Pact, Reggae Supplement: Messenjah, Leroy Sibbles, Jah Cutta. Not Available.
- #6. Brian Setzer, K.D. Lang, the Vipers, the Brood, Montreal Special: Help Wanted, My Dog Popper, the Nils. 1999 Electroacoustic Festival. \$2.00.
- #7. Not A Cow-Punk Issue: Three O'Clock Train, the Asexuals, Ray Condo, the Flestones, Eighth Route Army, Paul James. \$2.00.
- #8. The Lyres, Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, Sons of the Desert, Mind Altering Device, Shadowy Men From A Shadowy Planet, Hasil Adkins. \$2.00.
- #9. Deja Voodoo, Green On Red, Test Department, Guadalcanal Diary, Psyche-Industry Benefit, Gang Green, Straw Dogs, Cucumbers, Depeche Mode, Psyche, Mojo Nixon, Das Furlines, Vertical Pillows, Tetes Noires. \$2.00.
- #10. UB40, Soul Asylum, Disappointed A Few People, Slow, Mongols, Gruesomes, Venusians, Hidden Factor, Nomeansno. \$2.00.
- #11. First Anniversary Issue. Forgotten Rebels, Florida Razors, Screaming Blue Messiahs, Jonathan Richman, Raunch Hands. \$2.00.
- #12. Jerry Jerry, Severed Heads, Alternative Inuit, UKASE, Ini Kamoze, Das Furlines, TSOL, Plan 9, BAB. Not Available.
- #13. Dagmar Krause, Shriekback, Fail-Safe, DRI, Motorhead, Absolute Whores. \$1.50.
- #14. Hodads, Violence and the Sacred, Verbal Assault, SNFU, Cowboy Junkies, Blurt, Albert Collins, Teenage Head. \$1.50.
- #15. Frightwig, Eugene Chadbourne, E.J. Brulé, Fair Warning, Crumbsuckers, Fainting In Coils. \$1.50.
- #16. Los Lobos, the Darned, Suffer Machine, Catharsist, Nihilist Spasm Band, Doughboys, Montreal New Music Festival. \$1.50.
- #17. Three O'Clock Train, DBC, Cancerous Growth, Harmonic Choir, Mighty Lemon Drops, Ripcordz, American Devices, Les Poules, Johnny Winter, Elliott Sharp. \$1.50.
- #18. My Dog Popper, Throbs, Red Lorry Yellow Lorry, Godfathers, Sons of the Desert, Montreal Reggae Festival: Kali and Dub Inc., Freddie McGregor, Mutabaruka, Shank. \$1.50.
- #19. Skinny Puppy, Meatmen, Wire, MC5, Life Sentence, Bookmen, Software, Groovy Religion, Teenage Head, Bebe Buell and the Gargoyles. \$1.50.
- #20. Ramones, SPK, Chris and Cosey, Porte Mentaux, 63 Monroe, Deja Voodoo. \$1.50.
- #21. Voivod, GBH, Accused, 39 Steps, Flaming Lips, Hazy Azure, Groupoem, Jr. Gone Wild, Mr. Science, Dik Van Dykes. \$2.00.
- #22. A Canuck Christmas: Crawl'n' Kingsnakes, SNFU, Water Walk, Gorehounds, Chinese Backwards, Bobs Your Uncle, Grapes of Wrath. \$1.50.
- #23. The Sound of 88: Les Parazit, Killdozer, the Swans, DOA, the Rheostatics, Nick Toczek, the Cycle Sluts From Hell, Lydia Lunch, Rhythm Activism, Disco Jesus, Jellyfish Babies, Jerry Jerry, Mecca Normal. \$2.00.
- #24. Schooly D, A Neon Rome, The Wailers, NomeansNo, UIC, the Montreal New Music Festival. \$1.50.
- #25. U.K. Subs, Henry Rollins, Talk Shop, Big Daddy Cumbuckets, Infamous Basturds, Ray Condo, Absolute Whores, G.G. Allin, the Honeymoons. Not available.
- #26. Circle Jerks, SCUM, the Razorbacks, Ludwig Von 88, Alex Chilton, Cowboy Junkies, Alternative Inuit, Sudden Impact, Vilain Penguin, Johnny Arse and the Dogs, AOD, 76% Uncertain, Pig Farm, MDC. \$2.00.
- #27. Rise, Asexuals, Nomind, Dag Nasty, Sugar Cubes, Tragically Hip. \$1.50.
- #28. All, False Prophets, Berurier Noir, Adrian Sherwood, Band of Susans, Butthole Surfers, Sham 69, Stratejackets, Jr. Gone Wild, Chris Spedding, The Look People, Death Angel, The Independent Music Festival. \$1.50.
- #29. DRI, Karen Finley, DBC, Birth Defects, Pumphouse, 54*40, Billy Bragg, Mr. T Experience, Special Report on Boston. \$1.50.

Of course, all issues include all sorts of nifty columns, record reviews, concert reviews and other fun stuff. Unless otherwise noted, all issues are between 20 and 32 pages in length.
When ordering, please include \$1.00 for one issue, \$1.50 for two to five issues, and \$2.00 for more than five.
Subscriptions are \$15 for 12 issues in North America, \$25 for 12 issues outside N.A.
Please make all cheques payable to RearGarde. Our address is RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4.

CKUT TOP 35

EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED.

	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
35	OVERSOUL SEVEN	OVERSOUL SEVEN	EDGE
34	WAMPAS	CHAUDS, SALES ET HUMIDES	CARGONEW ROSE
33	FLOOR	FLOOR	TOUCH & GO
32	DESSAU	ISOLATION	CARLYLE
31	HEIK & THE SHAKES	CITIZEN KANE	SHADOW
30	PIG	A POKE IN THE EYE	WAX TRAX
29	VICTORY ACRES	& JOKE FLOWER	PLACEBO
28	VARIOUS	HONKERS & BAR WALKERS	DELMARK
27	GRUESOMES	HEY!	CG
26	LAZY LESTER	HARP & SOUL	ALLIGATORWEA
25	A SPLIT SECOND	FROM THE INSIDE	WAX TRAX
24	SHWEITZERLEWIS, LEANDRE.	STORMING OF THE WINTER PALACE	INTAKT/REC REC
23	WINTON KELLY	LAST TRIO SESSIONS	DELMARK
22	SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK	LIVE AT CARNEGIE HALL	FLYING FISH
21	SOUNDGARDEN	ULTRAMEGA O.K.	SST
20	MARY MARGARET O'HARA	MISS AMERICA	VIRGIN
19	SHELLY HIRSCH	SINGING	APOLLO
18	FRONT 242	FRONT BY FRONT	NETTWERK
17	COMEBUCKLEY	HOMMAGE A TIM BUCKLEY	BOY/REC REC
16	KING MISSILE	THEY	SHIMMY DISC
15	CECIL TAYLOR UNIT	LIVE IN VIENNA	LEO
14	BAD MUTHA GOOSE	REV I T UPI	FABLE
13	PAILHEAD	TRAIT	WAX TRAX
12	FUGAZI	FUGAZI	DISCHORD
11	THE ELEMENTALS	SELLING OUT BIG TIME	indie
10	REV. FRED LANE	CAR RADIO JEROME	SHIMMY DISC
9	MTL JUBILATION CHOIR	JUBILATION II	JUSTIN TIME
8	ROUGHAGE	ROUGHAGE	demo
7	AMERICAN DEVICES	DECENSORTIZED	TEAR
6	VARIOUS	PAY IT ALL BACK VOL. II	NETTWERK
5	BEATNIGS	"TELEVISION"	ALT. TENTACLES
4	ANNA DOMINO	COLORING THE EDGE AND...	CREPUSCULE
3	THE FALL	I AM KURIOS ORANJ	RCA U.S.
2	NO MEANS NO	SMALL PARTS ISOLATED...	ALT. TENT./CARGO
1	SNFU	BETTER THAN A STICK IN THE EYE	CARGO
	ARTIST	ALBUM	

Based on weekly Top 35
Top 35 based on rate of airplay

* denotes Canadian

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compiled by Chris M.
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Just in case you didn't know already, Voivod is probably Montreal's most succesful 'underground' band, combining metal with punk, jazz, classical and other influences to come up with a sound all their own. Following is an Interview with the group's guitarist Piggy (loosely translated from french).

RearGarde: What is it that interests you in science?

Piggy: It's the fantastic side of it. What are we going to find later? How is it going to make life worse or better? What is the most interesting to us is that social evolution is slower than technological evolution, and that brings interpretation (of science) problems and application problems.

RearGarde: So you take the impact of the scientific world on the street world and turn it into an imaginary sci-fi world?

Piggy: The fictitious world of Voivod is a catalyser to bring across our ideas, emotions, and point of view on the world and on what could eventually happen. We read, we look for information, and we try to inform other people.

RearGarde: On your first L.P., *War and Pain*, the lyrics are pretty violent: *Suck Your Bone, Live for Violence*, etc.; but it seems your attitude has changed since then...

Piggy: On *War & Pain* we were young, not only did we want to open doors, we wanted to stave them in! We had a lot of frustrating times and it shows on the album; but today we're more in control of what's happening to us, and when we compose, we're more relaxed...Also, our public is wider now, so we try not to shock too much...

RearGarde: What is it that frustrated you so much?

Piggy: Even before the first album was released, we were catalogued with *Venom*'s clique and not recognized as what we really were. We were told we were the worst band on the planet!

RearGarde: Yeah? Why?

Piggy: I dunno...our sound is different...most of thrash-metal bands from California, well, they almost all have the same sound, the same technique; but we're different from that; I think people didn't understand...we wanted to be different because they have their style and we want to have our style.

RearGarde: Has your public changed since that time?

Piggy: Yes, it mainly widened; the thrashers stayed, the ones who liked us because we were violent and "punk", but now we have some listeners who are not really into thrash-metal, or not even into heavy-metal...

RearGarde: Maybe it's because your music is getting really progressive. Don't you find there is a danger to being too progressive? In the beginning, people danced at jazz concerts, now they sit at Place Des Arts...It has become a bit dead...

Piggy: Well, if we play music, it is for our own pleasure too... What we're trying to do is to wake up people's ears, to push the limits of what they can listen to; all the west coast bands are starting to sound the same, there is a trend and everybody is more or less trying to do the same thing. We want to push the gates further, we try to offer to the listeners a product that's more refined, more...

RearGarde: ...more interesting... You're just coming back from an

American tour, how did it go?

Piggy: It's the best tour we ever did!

RearGarde: How are you perceived in Europe?

Piggy: The same way as in the States but we get more people at our shows. You see, the difference between here and Europe is that the kids, in America, they're much more specialized in what they listen to; somebody who'll listen to

career, you know...There were some changes made, but we didn't get proposed, we proposed...

RearGarde: You're a pretty autonomous band, *Away* does all the publicity...

Piggy: *Away* usually talks to the journalists because he's better at it...he also does all the visual concept of Voivod. Everyone has his job; **Blackie** takes care

album, the songs are shorter, with tons of short parts...

Piggy: Yeah, there's more material, we're learning...the first songs, how could I say...it came out like that! But as we progress, we're saving some tracks, and we're developping an approach, a technique, a working method which enables us to create a material that's more compact, more elaborated.

(Since the interviewer doesn't happen to know fuck-all about the energy particles, she changes the subject)

RearGarde: Ah...yeah...a simple curiosity: why did you write your real names on the last album?

Piggy: Good question! It's in relevance to future projects; if we work outside the concept of Voivod, we won't carry our nicknames with us. *Away* is thinking of doing a cartoon, and he might sign *Away*, but he might also sign Michel Langevin...

RearGarde: Do you have other projects outside of Voivod?

Piggy: I must admit I didn't think about it because right now we're in a very intense period with Voivod; but certainly there will be other projects, ...I would like to try new things in music...

RearGarde: More experimental stuff maybe?

Piggy: Yeah...I don't know about the others...Snake trips on acting...

RearGarde: Is there a new album coming?

Piggy: Yeah, now we're going to New York to finish this tour, but after we come back to Montreal, we're gonna start recording...

RearGarde: Still in Germany?

Piggy: No, this time we're going to record in Montreal! We're going to bring an engineer down here, and he's going to help us producing the album, I don't know where yet...

RearGarde: Is the conception pretty advanced?

Piggy: The album is almost done, we have 7 songs of 9. The album should come out in April or May, on MCA, and we're gonna call it *Nothing Face*. *Away* is gonna do the cover on his computer...

RearGarde: I was surprised to hear two covers at the Spectrum show *Holiday in Cambodia* and the *Batman* theme song. How come? I was always told that you don't like doing covers!

Piggy: It's not that we don't like covers. But when we started playing, we only did covers because we didn't have any original material.

RearGarde: What did you play?

Piggy: Ah...Judas Priest, *Venom*, *Budgie*, ...ah...let me remember...*Sweet Savage*, *Motorhead*, of course! Our first show was almost all covers, except three originals; for the second show though, we had all the material for *War & Pain*, so we stopped giving concerts with covers cos we wanted to promote our material...

RearGarde: What about "Batman"?

Piggy: Yeah, I adapted it for our instruments...and I added a guitar solo!

RearGarde: Speaking of guitar, you and *Blackie* have pretty space - age guitars,...

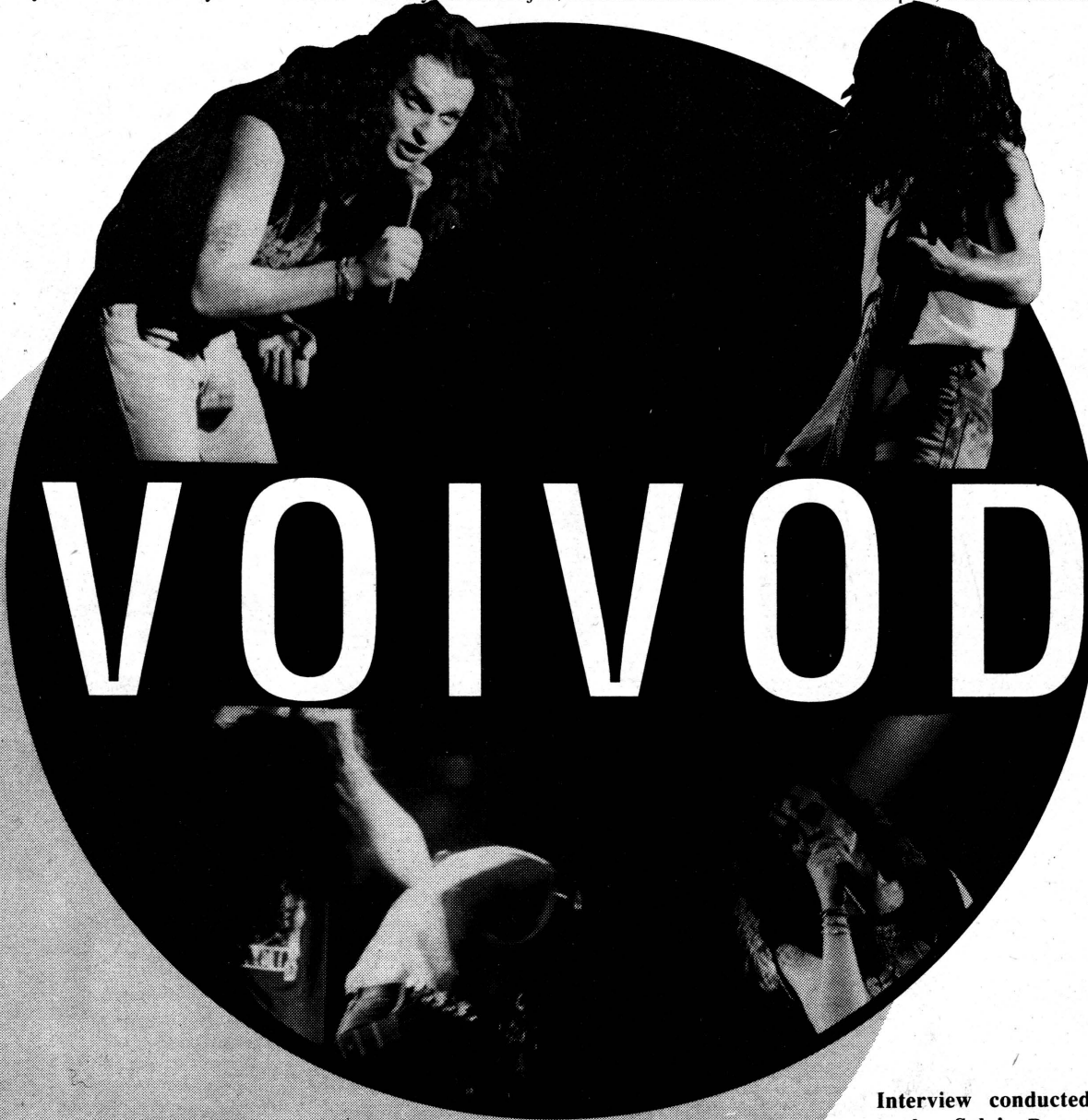
Piggy: The red guitar, I made it myself. I was helped by the guy who made *Blackie*'s guitar, *Mauro Liberator*, he's gonna make me a two-necks...

RearGarde: It's becoming more and more progressive!

Piggy: Well, I wanna try new things!

RearGarde: That's what's fun with Voivod; you never know what's gonna happen on the next album...

Piggy: Yeah, it's always like a challenge, you know, we think: "What are we going to do next time?" As much as I listen to all sorts of music, including jazz, I try all sorts of things musically, the two-neck guitar is a part of that way of thinking...That's what I like about Voivod too."



Interview conducted by Sylvie Payne.

thrash-metal will listen only to thrash-metal and will limit himself to a number of about twenty bands and will say: "This is my style"; but in Europe, kids listen to everything, all the metal scene; they can listen to a poseur band like *Motley Crue*, and still listen to *Slayer* and *Voivod*; here, it's different, it's more categorized.

RearGarde: Do Germans have a particular interest in Voivod? You recorded mostly in Berlin...

Piggy: We have a good public in Germany but it is not exactly the reason why we ended up there; *Noise* heard that we were looking for a new contract, they made an offer and it happened to be the best we got, so we choose them; then the ...boss at *Noise* introduced a studio engineer to us and it clicked right away, so we decided to produce our next two albums with them, and it worked fine...that's how it happened!

RearGarde: What kind of relation do you have with the Canadian scene? Did you have any offers from producers?

Piggy: No, not much, because when we arrived in Montreal, we were organised, we had a management to take care of our

of the business, I take care of the musical side, the production, the albums, all that stuff, I'm like the *directeur musical*...but I don't do it like a tyrant! I listen to the others' ideas! *Snake* composes the lyrics, in collaboration with *Away*.

RearGarde: What are your influences in music? Who are the bands which impressed you the most?

Piggy: The bands that have impressed me the most are the progressive bands from the seventies.

RearGarde: ???Like Yes?

Piggy: Like Yes, *Gentle Giant*, *Van Der Graaf Generator*, mostly *King Crimson*. But I was also influenced by hard-rock and...classical music...*Blackie* too listens to a lot of classical music, more than me actually...

RearGarde: That's probably why your tunes are like symphonies, with different movements in them...

Piggy: Of course it is reflected in the construction style...

RearGarde: The construction has changed it seems; on *War & Pain*, there were long parts with one riff, then it would change a bit, now on the new

RearGarde: Is there a thematic between your albums, a concept that links them together?

Piggy: Yes. You could say that on the first album, the *Voivod*, as you can see on the cover, he has just finished his first nuclear war, he's all fucked up, and on top of that he's really pissed off - as I said, we were frustrated and we wanted to break doors -; on the second album, *The Voivod* is half-organic, half-machine; it seems he replaced his missing organs by machines...; and on *Killing Technology*, we bring him into space...

RearGarde: You forget him there! (There's a song called *Forgotten in Space*)

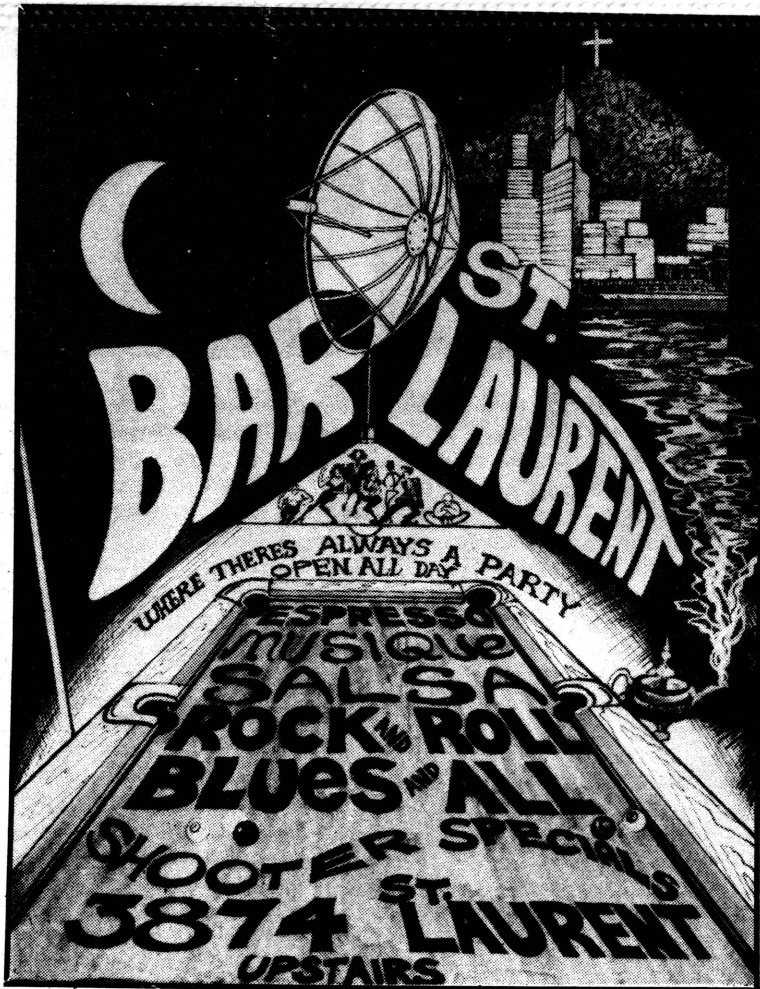
Piggy: We want him to discover the *Grand Monde*!

RearGarde: And on the new album, *Dimension Hatross*?

Piggy: In *Dimension Hatross*, we wanted to bring him in another world, which is parallel to this one, which he will create with a particule accelerator...

RearGarde: Like what they use in experimentations on the Big Bang ...

Piggy: Yeah, they found a particule that's smaller than the atom!



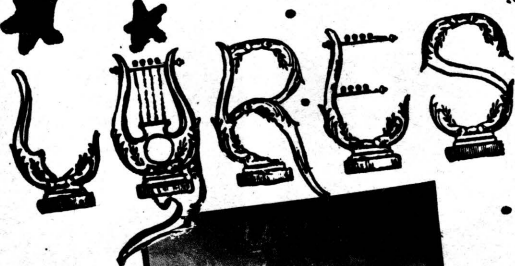
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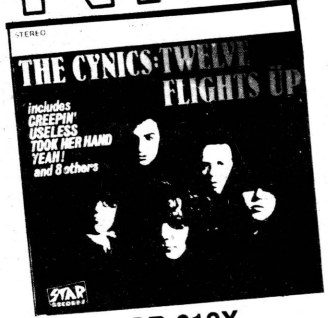
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The nice thing about doing this Underground Music Journalist thing is that you get to meet all sorts of bands and people that you always wanted to meet without having to break into a hotel room or pay \$24 to have a binocular view. One band I always wanted to meet was the **Vibrators**—whose *Pure Mania* album is the best LP ever released, at least in my humble opinion. And it just so happened that Eddie from the band was in town on vacation over New Years, and CKUT asked me to do the interview.

There was more than a decade of band history and British music scene history to cover, not the least of which was the fact that most people in North America (including me) thought the Vibrators had broken up years ago. So I don't think we covered everything, but we took out a big slice.

RearGarde: So I must admit I didn't know you guys were still around. Last I heard was your *Fifth Amendment* album around 1984.

Eddie: Yeah, that one came out quite a long time ago now. And we had quite a few disagreements in the band about that one—I mean (vocalist) Knox and I weren't very happy about the way it worked out. The tour that we did off that album—we did a tour through Germany—we recorded a couple of the shows in Hamburg and out of those tapes came the live album. And we were looking for a new company to put out the live album and that's how we met up with FM (their current label).

RearGarde: But the line-up is different now.

Eddie: Well, John Ellis wanted to quit and go his own way—he's driving mini-cams now or something (laughs). He does the odd bit now and then. He did something with a couple of guys from the **Strangers** in a group called the **Purple Helmets** a little while back, but he hasn't been terribly active since he quit. So we were looking around for a guitar player and we figured we'd get a good one, so we got Mickey Owen. I played with him in a band called **Gary and the Roosters**—we put out an album and toured France so I knew he was very good.

RearGarde: But you've got two new members.

Eddie: Yeah, there's Duncan who's been working with Knox for about four years. They've done a couple of **Fallen Angels** albums, which is another project that Knox has on the side. So the four of us got together



and in fact, although it seems like it's a new band still, it's probably been the longest settled line-up the Vibrators have ever had (laughs) which is really kind of strange considering we've been going so long. People have always been leaving—I think people get fed up with the touring, but myself and Knox we don't mind it. And Mickey and Duncan aren't happy unless we're doing eight gigs a week.

RearGarde: The sound on *Fifth Amendment* was a lot more poppy than your earlier stuff. Is this the direction the band is taking?

Eddie: I think we were getting away from being a rock 'n roll band on that album. In the recording of it there was about three songs which they spent about ten days on and the rest of the songs they spent three

days on, so there was a bit of an imbalance in the way it was recorded. It all became a tremendous rush to get it recorded and I think we lost something.

RearGarde: So is it more of a roots-Vibrators sound now?

Eddie: A lot of people think we've gone back to sounding like *Pure Mania* though I don't see it that way myself. I think it's more rock 'n roll than before. I mean, Mickey Owen's favourite guitar player is Ron Wood so we're a lot more kind of Stonessy and rock. I think we're a much better band than we've ever been—I kind of wish we'd had this line-up when we got started, we would have done a lot better over the years. But if we had've done Mike would have been twelve years old or something (laughs). It would have been a bit difficult to get his mother to come on tour with us.

RearGarde: So are you going to be doing some touring in Canada?

Eddie: We're looking into it. I'm just over here on holiday but while I was here I figured I bring over some records and see if anyone was interested. So I talked to a few people, reminded them we're still alive. We are speaking to a record company in Los Angeles at the moment—whose name I've completely forgotten—and they seemed very interested when I came away. So maybe we can get something released in the States and get it into Canada as well. We could come back later in the year—I mean, this is the plan.

RearGarde: Do you find that a lot of people go back to *Pure Mania* when you mention the Vibrators?

Eddie: For sure, yeah. I think that's the same with any band. I mean, the first few things you do, you come out with the biggest blaze of publicity and of course there was a terrific surge of interest with all the bands in '77 and we were one of the first to get out and play some really fast rock 'n roll/punk music—you could call it what you liked in those days. I think that's what



people will always remember.

RearGarde: Do you try to distance yourselves from your past at all?

Eddie: We don't want to ignore our past because we were there and it's part of our heritage. I mean, people want to come along to our shows and hear *Baby Baby*, *Troops of Tomorrow*, *Sweet Sweet Heart*. What we're doing at the moment is, because we've got so many albums, we're playing longer and longer sets. But we don't want to end up playing for five hours like the Grateful Dead and boring everybody to tears but obviously people want us to play the old songs and we want to play the new ones and make sure everyone likes them just as much. What we have is a repertoire of about 45 songs which we choose from.

RearGarde: What is the reaction to the new stuff?

Eddie: With the *Meltdown* album, when we started doing the new stuff on stage we were a bit nervous and in fact they went over better than the old stuff. And we thought, well this is weird, because normally that doesn't happen—normally, when you start playing new stuff people start shouting out for the old songs. And they started doing that at the beginning of the songs, but by the time we were finished they were cheering

louder for the new songs than for the old ones.

RearGarde: But you must get bored with the old songs if you've been playing them for 12 years.

Eddie: No, I don't think so. When you play the old songs, you just play them. You don't have to think about it, you don't have to remember what you're doing, you can just relax and go through it and it's great. So they give you like a little breather in the set, you can let the audience sing all the words.

RearGarde: Is it kind of a let-down that you're not getting the publicity you were ten years ago?

Eddie: I think that's was our own fault. I mean, we had a deal with CBS and after we'd done two albums, the band split up more-or-less. Pat left after the first album—he didn't even come to Canada, we had Gary Tibbs in the band. Eight months later John Ellis left. And we were all the time changing line-ups and then Knox said he wanted to do a solo album and the band split up for three or four years. We got back together in 1982.

RearGarde: Was that for the *Guilty* album?

Eddie: Yeah, and we recorded that in about ten days, we bashed that out. And as soon as people wanted us to do a lot of touring and a lot of work, Pat was saying "well I can't do this and I can't do that." And John's going "I don't want to go to America if it's for more than two weeks." I mean, you can't go to America for only two weeks—it's just too big a country. So all the time we were being held back from doing more touring and more records, and that's necessary if you want to stay popular.

RearGarde: But you're not having that trouble with the new band.

Eddie: No, no... oh dear (laughs). If we have a week with only one or two gigs they're going "Come on, when are we doing our next gig? When are we going to America? When are we going to Germany again? What's happening about France?"... You know we're under pressure to do as many gigs and as much radio and TV as possible. Everyone's mad keen to go. And the stage show's the best it's ever been—I guess everyone says that, but it's just really fantastic and exciting playing with the band again.

RearGarde: But it seems like the British music press isn't covering rock 'n roll any more, or whatever you want to call it.

Eddie: No, no, they positively exclude it. There is almost a movement not to cover anything that's rock 'n roll so to get any coverage at all is very very difficult. To even get your album reviewed... I mean, we had the *Meltdown* album reviewed in some magazines in England and they've all been really positive. The kind of start with "Oh God, they're still around after all this time!" and then come up with "Hey, this is really a very good record." But it's very difficult—they're more interested in either stuff that's really way out or just in little girl singers with big tits I suppose, and there's an enormous amount of that kind of music—disco-pop—in British radio and British magazines. It's really refreshing to come here and listen to the radio and hear things like Keith Richards' new album which in England has had absolutely no play on the radio and has had absolute dire reviews in every magazine. You wouldn't believe how bad the reviews were for his record.

RearGarde: That's strange. I think the impression is dying out, but people still think it's easier to get radio play and media support in England if you're an alternative band.

Eddie: Not if you're playing the rock 'n roll, or heavy metal even. Heavy metal gets about two hours on one station every week, but anything else like rock 'n roll gets one hour here or there, if that.

RearGarde: And you don't have campus radio.

Eddie: No we don't have college stations. There is a new station which has started in

Greater London which plays what they call "Music For Adults" or something. And they'll play the **Rolling Stones** or the **Vibrators** or the **Clash** in the daytime and that's unheard of in England now. That is really unheard of. All you get in the daytime is **Samantha Fox** or the **Pet Shop Boys**.

RearGarde: You've described yourselves as 'rock 'n roll' and I always thought of you that way and the **Sex Pistols** and the other Punk bands. But when that whole thing started everyone was saying it was anti-rock 'n roll.

Eddie: I don't think it was anti-rock 'n roll. I think what it was, at the time in London when all these bands started there was a lot of bands that were going out and they were like fourth-generation versions of the **Band**—kind of this laid-back country-style music, and they would call themselves rock 'n roll. And I was thinking to myself "this isn't rock 'n roll, this is mom and dad sort of stuff." To me rock 'n roll was **Eddie Cochran** and **Elvis Presley** and **Chuck Berry** and the **Rolling Stones**. They weren't laid back, they weren't quiet, they were up front and they were out there kicking ass. And that's what we wanted to do. When we first went on stage we'd just say "Right, go for it." And we'd have a 20 minute set with ten songs back-to-back and the people were standing there like they were machine-gunned into submission (laughs). I think it was a real shock to some people that music could be exciting again. But if you called it rock 'n roll you'd be put back into this category with all these horrible sort of bands doing this horrible plodding 12-bar nonsense.

RearGarde: Did you guys start out as a "Punk" band?

Eddie: The first gig I played with the Vibrators, I'd been playing drums for two weeks. We've been talking about forming a band and Knox had played in all sorts of bands so he had this back catalogue of songs. I was friends with him and with John Ellis and I originally wanted to play bass but they said "No, get Pat, he can play bass, you can play drums," and I said "I haven't got any drums," and they said "Well, you can get some." So two weeks later we had four rehearsals and played our first gig which was 90 per cent covers played at twice their normal speed and people thought it was great. So we started writing songs and digging into Knox's back catalogue.

RearGarde: Didn't you also have something to do with **Chris Spedding**?

Eddie: Yeah, what it was with Chris was we played at this 100 Club Punk Festival and we were headlining the second night. It was us and the **Damned** and he turned up because he's seen the posters around town saying he was playing and he thought he better go down and find out what it was all about, 'cause nobody had told him. (laughs) It wasn't unusual for dodgy promoters to book these things and put your name on the poster and when the people get there they



say "Sorry, they haven't come" and take your five quid or whatever anyway. But he turned up and said "Well I'm here now, I want to get paid and I want to play." And they asked him if he had a band and he said "Well of course not, I only saw the poster that said I was playing two days ago." So they told us to play with him because we were the last band on. We were quite willing to do it because he'd won Guitarist of

the Year competitions and rubbish like that for about ten years. So we sat in the dressing room and he wrote out some chord sheets for three songs and then we jammed on some rock 'n roll songs. It went over really well. So he recommended us to his record company and said he wanted us to back him on his next record, or that he wouldn't do any more records or something. So we went in and recorded *We Vibrate* and then recorded *Pogo Dancing* with him in the same day.

RearGarde: Later on you ended up on some hardcore compilations when you reformed in '82.

Eddie: Yeah we signed to Cherry Red records and they put out the *Guilty* album. And they also had a whole bunch of hardcore bands under contract so they just picked some of the harder stuff we did for their compilations. A lot of our stuff really isn't hardcore at all, but some of it is harder and faster than what some hardcore bands do.

RearGarde: Do you still follow the underground?

Eddie: Yeah, and I think there's an awful lot of interesting bands coming out of England now, but it is difficult for a lot of bands to break through. There's no real scene, there's no help from the press, and the record companies only want to know you if you're **Kylie Minogue**. Funnily enough, people who are starting to break through at the moment—bands like the **Wonder Stuff** and the **Darling Buds**—they're all being produced by Pat Collier, our old bass player. They all phone up and say "We only want to work with him because we like what he did with the Vibrators." He's doing really well as a producer now.

RearGarde: It seems to me that throughout your history most of your songs have been about girls...

Eddie: Yeah, we like girls.

RearGarde: And you seem to avoid politics. Is that deliberate?



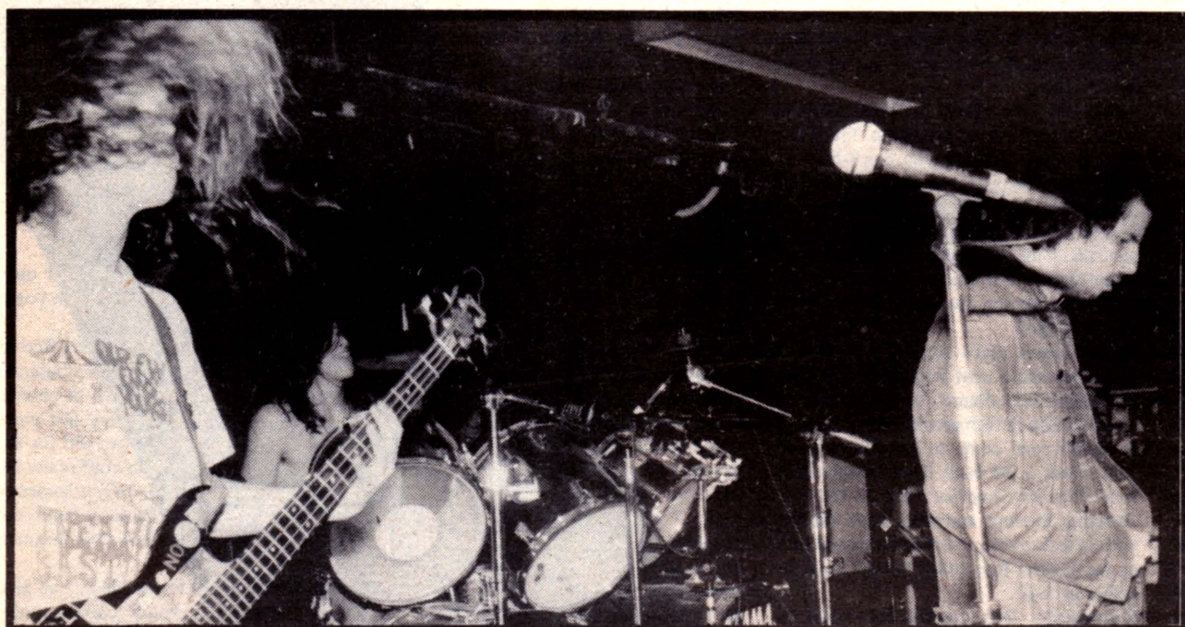
Eddie: I think we steer clear of political stuff to a degree because one of the good things about music, I think, is that it pulls people together. You know, it doesn't matter whether you're black or white or what your politics are, once you're at a gig listening to the same music and standing shoulder to shoulder you're all together and nobody gives a shit about what you believe in and all this type of shit. And if you start preaching to people and telling people to believe this and believe that you can dilute the power of the music to bring people together, to act as one regardless of their politics. It's up to the people to decide what they want to do. I know Knox thinks that you can write songs like you can write books—you can set up an interesting scenario without necessarily expressing an opinion.

RearGarde: Okay, our designated stupid question this month is: If you could be any flavour of ice cream, which one would you be and why?

Eddie: I dunno really. I guess I'd be pistacio 'cause I like eating that so I know I'd make somebody really happy if I was being eaten. Am I allowed to say that?

RearGarde: Sure.

Interview conducted by Paul Gott.



Hazy Azure.

PHOTO: Rula

Killer Dump Beach Party Foufounes Electriques December 28

In case you don't know what the annual Killer Dump Beach Party is, it's the guys in DBC dressed up in loud Bermuda shorts playing heavy cover versions of songs from the 60's and 70's. Throughout the night several guest musicians joined them on stage including a **My Dog Popper** singer, a **Gem** guitar player, a drunken **Vomit and the Zits** bass player and some other guy on lead guitar. The band played a variety of great material such as **The Beatles' Helter Skelter**, **Iron Maiden's Wrathchild**, **Steppenwolf's Born to be Wild** and several **Pink Floyd** songs. However the highlights of the show featured Eric from Popper who sang hilarious versions of **Zeppelin's Immigrant Song**, **Hendrix's Hey Joe** and **The Who's My Generation**.

The night ended up with DBC playing a few new original songs which pleased the speed metal fans. You could tell the band was having fun and so was everyone in the crowd. If you missed them this time, they'll be doing it again at the same time at the end of this year, at least that's what they are saying now.

Selim Sora

Rock Homard Benefit Foufounes Electriques December 22

Finally, after lots of walking around aimlessly and drinking lots of beer out of sheer boredom (*fine excuse—ed.*), **Leave It To Beaver** comes on. I had never actually heard them play before, just seen their flyers posted up around town, so I didn't know what to expect. They opened up with an instrumental reminiscent of neo (psuedo?) psychedellia band **Iron Butterfly** which was interesting.

Then there was this guy sitting on stage smoking a cigarette, but nobody seemed to know who he was. By the second song, he had grabbed the mike and started saying things, but nobody could figure out what he was saying. Must not have been that important... The **Iron Butterfly** twangings on guitar continue... then the guy who we didn't know (but had figured out by then that he was the "singer") screams something like "Pass the eggplants!" or something like that. Nobody clapped or anything—just a real loud belch from Ram of Hazy Azure.

More comments from the singer about passing vegetables... the set was over... it was so quiet you could hear a beer bottle shatter... Sigh. Better luck next time guys.

Next up, after an incredibly short intermission was that bunch of wild and crazy guys from **My Dog Popper**. Boy, were they ever in the Christmas spirit: Eric the human christmas tree... everyone decorated in tin-

sel... hilarious and just plain rocking versions of our favourite christmas carols including the one mom never let you sing: **Santa's a Wanker**.

Candy canes thrown at the crowd (I, personally, got a Santa bootie)... the band exchanging presents on stage... a farting dinosaur... that Jenny character hiding behind the pole throughout the set. Only one regret about the band: Their set was too damned short. (Oh, by the way, by this time there actually is a crowd and they were rocking).

Another incredibly short intermission and that party band **Hazy Azure** came on. I mean, what can I say about these boys except that they keep on getting tighter and better every show. They weren't in a Christmas mood, although they were in a thrashing mood... so, yeah, a couple of folks started thrashing...

Weird jokes from Ig who has recovered from that DRI incident... a real fast, tight set... their friend John joining them onstage and taking a poke at "frenchmens" after somebody in the crowd said something to the effect of "on est français ici... couldn't hear exactly what Ig and John were saying (Eddy of DBC's laughter ringing in my ears)... the crowd kept on screaming for more... Ace breaks a string and the set's over, otherwise I'm sure they would have been playing all night... surely they were the main attraction of the night(?)...

Infamous Bastards come on next. No gimmicks, just hard rock 'n roll. Chico had injured his knee (is this, like, a new fad type thing amongst singers of hardcore bands?) but that didn't stop him from jumping around like the bad moose of rock 'n roll that he is. Another rockin' set... Celso, the portugese Jimi Hendrix... epileptic fits a la Tasmanian devil from Chico... Randy falls down (what a loser) but makes it look like part of the "act"... Billy just kept on banging on those drums...

Apologies from Chico—he kept regretting how bad they were playing that night. I don't know where he gets those cockamamie ideas—they were great and the crowd thought so too. After like the third apology it knida got annoying, but I'm not saying anything 'cos I got a free sticker... those boys are ever-so-humble... They closed the set with their famous (infamous?) rap song on which Randy (who has a great voice) shares the spotlight with the bad moose (or Robocock, whichever name he prefers).

Looking around the club, it's clear that most came to see Hazy Azure and the Infamous Bastards. Sigh... what to say about the **Wanted?** Trying to be fair and figure the musical appeal of the band regardless of some unflattering things I've heard. I asked my friend the next day what he thought of them (he'd never heard them before) and he didn't like them (But didn't use this many

words to tell me). I don't know... I left after their second song.

Wendy

Ministry, Kitten With A Whip The Copa December 12

It was worth the \$50 it cost to get from Ottawa to Toronto. It was worth the ten hours of travel time spent in a cramped and less-than-comfy Voyageur bus. It was worth the temporary loss of hearing despite the ear-plugs.

The sonic assault began with **Where You At Now?**, one of the tougher songs on **Ministry's** 1986 LP **Twitch**. From there it got even louder, faster and more aggressive as the band sped through stuff from **The Land Of Rape And Honey** including the title track, **Flashback** and **The Missing**. During this time, group leader Alain Jourgensen managed to drench himself with sweat, beer and Jack Daniels and even punch the shit out of an ambitious punk rocker who decided to jump on stage and help himself to some of Al's beverages.

Although no extra help was needed to keep the thrashing, pogoing, stage-diving audience happy, **Skinny Puppy's** Nivek Ogre was brought out for guitar and vocal reinforcement. They then did **Deity** and brought the show to a climax with **Stigmata**. They kept the frantic pace until the end, with **Pailhead's** **No Bunny** and two encores consisting of **Ministry's** **Golden Dawn** and three more "covers". Al then paid tribute to one of his other bands, the **Revoluting Cocks** by performing **No Devotion**.

It appears that Jourgensen has found his niche, as has Iggy Pop, trading in slick production and sappy songs for intense, aggressive, grungy rock 'n roll.

There were only two minor disappointments on the whole. The first one was the stage decorations. They were designed by Charles Manson's brother—something that was hyped by various media outlets and the usual concert rumour mill. But, with no disrespect, the contorted papier maché dolls on either side of the stage failed to impress.

The second disappointment was with the opening band. Not the band itself, but the audience's reaction to it. **Kitten With A Whip** promised this would be their final, final performance. But they couldn't get the crowd going despite a tight, intense set

featuring their trademark combination of excess distortion and volume. They even smashed their equipment and lit the stage on fire, but noone really seemed to notice or care.

Shawn Scallen

New Year's Eve Party The Rialto December 31

I'm the guy who usually on New Year's Eve ends up puking like a human volcano into someone's winter boot, then getting beat-up by Maritimers, and finally going home by myself to watch the end of a Chuck Norris movie. This year I fared slightly better. The Rialto is a great place to see a gig, but due to the fact that they were practicing **Booze Apartheid** and segregating us beer pilots in a back room, I missed **The Crazy Rhythm Daddies** and **Chinese Backwards**.

An Elvis replicant came out to toast the New Year, which was cool enough, and me and Brian had mortgaged my Mom's Volvo for some generous snortings of white powder, so things were hunky dory, cokeacetic. **Shadowy Men from a Shadowy Planet**, the T.O. instrumental band came on looking like a group of cartoon characters with a resurrected **Buddy Holly** on guitar. They surfed through a forty minute set of twang and crash numbers, **Munsters**-era TV themes, waltz tango's, and **Horror of Party Beach** ravers. Behind the band they projected old sixtie's beach movies and clips, plenty of people fruggin' and jivin' on the dance floor. Although my theory is that there are maybe four or five great instrumentalists in rock history, and **The Shadowy Guys** didn't write any of them—hell they didn't even do **Frankenstein** by **Edgar Winter**, just for yuks of course. But they threw in enough change-ups to keep this ex-Shriner interested, and enough switchblade guitar to bludgeon **The Parachute Club** to death. Thank Elvis.

In the booze cantina I run into an old bourbon buddy named Lee Roy, who says to me, "New Year's is kinda like Christmas when you were a kid and never got what you wanted." But shit, there's people hanging around back there that I'd rather see covered in **Puppy Chow** and fed to wild dogs than ever talk to again. So me and Brian head back to watch the **Gruesomes**.

I've got nothing against 60's punk, except that the singer always has to sound like he's got a ten pound bag of snot in his head, and the lyrics are always about, "Yeah my chick left me and I'm gonna wipe a big booger on her picture and then go out for a Seven-up." But they pull off a decent version of **The Wailer's** **Out of Our Tree**, and **Bobby Beaton** plays a mean, blues-wailing harp, although on stage he always looks like he has a roll of nickels shoved up his ass the hard way (*there's an easy way?—ed.*). They rock out for a while, but these genre bands are always a limited shtick, no surprises, and by

the end of their Springsteen-length set they're packing the whallop of a diet cola.

Me and Brian are out of dummy dust, and start talking about opening a concentration camp for fat people and windsurfers, and wondering what time the **Chuck Norris** movie starts at?

But **Ray and His Goners** parachute in like an airborne regiment of Louisiana hillbillies and start the ol' barn a burnin'. Ray and the boys haven't lost anything over the years, but seem a bit bored on their first album re-makes like **Crazy Date**, although Ray's still a pickin' and a grinnin' (to use a really dumb HeeHaw expression, except I'm too brain-damaged on the pride-of-Peru powder to do any better). Near the home-stretch the band really broke loose on an extended hillbilly jamboree, with **Edgar**, the best fiddle player this side of the **Grand Ol' Opry**, leading the charge, and the **Sandmark** brothers riding shotgun, while stoic **Clive** slapped home a stampede on bass; another **Miracle Mile** finish for the **Goners**.

Note: None of this means very much coming from an ex-roller derby queen like me.

Blake Cheetah

Roughage Foufounes Electriques January 25

One day before the **Roughage** gig at FooFoo's Haircut Palace, the guy with the Jack the Ripper like sexdrive, **Ted Bundy**, was put to death in the electric chair. In a pasture close to the prison, people held a D-Day party for him. Parents brought their children, probably picnic baskets, sang songs and cheers, and I'm sure a few hawkers sold souvenirs: "Step right up and get your monogrammed psycho-killer oven mitts."

I wouldn't know how to label the music of **Roughage**; call it junkyard jazz, **Captain Beefheart's** abortion with no larynx, the **Marquis de Bob**. I don't know. But what they sounded like-between feral bassist **Tim** (formerly of **Ant Farm**) and the tooth and nail, primal scream guitars of **Zev** and **Sylvain**—was kinda like a demolition derby, as melodies crashed off each other, were smashed, dented-in, and banged off one another in musical phrases reminiscent of **Burroughs'** anarchic cut-ups...—insect reptiles with metal claws hang out in **Tangiers** cafe—detonate death ray—argue over who'll have the meat loaf—anus opens in forehead of **Reptile A**—shat pissed on he is forced to pay bill including tip.

At **Bundy's** D-Day party and barbecue, one guy wore a t-shirt with a recipe for **Fried Bundy**, while others sang "On Top of Old Sparky", which is the slang name for the electric chair in Florida.

Behind **Roughage** was a slide show featuring shots of **Grandpa** in a golf cart, and one of, I think, literary guy **Geoff Yagod** after he



Ministry (with Ogre).

PHOTO: Shawn

PHOTO: Rula



My Dog Popper.

PHOTO: Rula

caught his first big mouth bass. On the other side were films of cartoons, old hockey footage, wildebeests, super 8 street scenes and various weird montages. Between the fractured musical pieces the band sat down on stage while the films and slides kept going, a tape loop in the background featuring white noise metal machine chaos, voices and backwards Hungarian jigs. The only vocal number was a brilliantly malign version of the Poppy Family's *Where Evil Grows*.

The dynamics of the unholy three, kept me interested for the most part, varying from quieter eerie pieces, to sex-killer schizophrenia and mutilations. Tim spanking his bass with both hands, while the guitars of Zev and Sylvain met in a head-on collision, though at times they came dangerously close to the self-indulgence that a freeform structure will allow.

No they aren't a party band, unless you're idea of a party would be doing some shish-kabobbing at Sharon Tate's house the night the Manson gang came over for crumpets and death. But I liked the bass brutality and guitar violence of Roughage. Although it ain't the kind of stuff I'd wanna hear on a Friday night when I'm so drunk out of my scalp that I'd probably fuck a chicken if it was wearing a garter belt and bought me a beer. If David Lynch ever does a movie version of *Naked Lunch* or *Nova Express*, this junkyard jazz trinity should do the soundtrack.

Oh yeah, if you missed the Bundy execution the first time around, I've heard Wide World of Sports will probably be replaying it in the near future, that is if they can outbid Pepsi for the TV rights. So get out your charcoal briquettes, weenies and Ted Bundy oven mitts, for the executioner's party, and don't forget to invite this old BBQ roach.

Blake "Potsie" Cheetah
Medicine Men, Ant Farm, Weather Permitting, Blake Cheetah and the Asexuals
McGill Union Ballroom
January 11

I felt it was my duty, as a well rounded reviewer, to make sure the refreshments being served were adequate before seeing any of the bands involved. As a result, I missed most of the **Medicine Men's** set (far be it for me to break any traditions). When I asked some other patrons who had seen the set, I heard descriptions like, "hairy loud and leather" and "a Cult rip-

off". On the basis of seeing their last song I would agree.

A newly reformed **Ant Farm** were the next band. I rather liked the sound of their record, so I was looking forward to their set. Unfortunately they were unable to overcome the cavernous sound that tends to bury the efforts of the soundmen in this venue. The guitar lost quite a bit of power behind an echoing bass drum, which created a twanging sound like, dare I say, R.E.M. The band looked pretty helpless on stage and even a good **Wire** cover couldn't help things along. It's too bad, they're probably a better show at a smaller club.

Weather Permitting did their best to overcome sound problems and in my estimation did a pretty fine job. Their set was the usual amount of material from their first album and the newer stuff which I had never been exposed to. I still can't figure out what half their lyrics are about, but that's not terribly important. I'm not sure why they played *Sympathy for the Devil*, but it went over pretty well anyway.

Amid rumours of record executives, the **Asexuals** played to a half-filled ballroom. That is not to say the people weren't responsive. One strategically placed relative took it upon himself to help T.J. with a song or two. They did their best to fill the place with sound but unless you were pretty close, forget it. From where I was standing, the show was pretty good. They played most of their newer material and one song off their second record. I was pleasantly surprised to see them avoid Led Zeppelin and other such rubbish. I hope the record magnates were suitably impressed.

Peter Johnson Esq.

Deja Voodoo Bar-B-Q
St. Denis Church
January 16

Voodoo Bar-B-Q number four.

But, Hey! even though Tony, Gerard, the food and the rest of the jolly gang returned to the place of its conception—namely Paroisse St-Denis on the corner of Laurier and Berry—something was amiss and rendered this particular incarnation of the music underground's Yuletide festivities something less than exciting.

Let's start with:

Number one, the location. The basement of le Paroisse, let's face it, is not exactly the type of rock 'n roll venue the city so desperately needs. Designed with Bingo, rather than wild obnoxious music, in mind, the echoey, cavernous reaches of this abyss of angst made all the bands sound kinda similar.

Number two, the food. I have suspected strongly over the last three years whether there ever really was any food present at these "bar-b-qs" or whether it was just a neat

slogan and clever gimmick designed to lure hundreds of hungry youngsters out to the bash.

This year, I realized that though food is at least technically present, as Murphy's Law holds true, as the person before me in the gumbo line was the last to receive the scrapings from the bottom of the pot and, to add insult to injury, people told me that the gumbo was actually good. Damn.

Number three, the crowd. Okay. Am I getting old and decrepid, or is it true that 16-year-olds have started to infiltrate events that I and my colleagues once claimed for our own.

Not only that, but most of these innocent looking cherubs were also sporting 101 (as in Loi) stickers on their coats. Sad.

Number four, the sound. Is bad. Really bad. Especially if you're sitting near the back and drinking plenty of beer, all the bands end up sounding indistinguishable.

Number five, the beer. The going rate was five bucks for three. I approve. However, the bathroom situation was another epic altogether.

Also designed with old ladies and bingo in mind, the six paltry stalls (for 900 people with aching bladders, are you kidding?) hosted a longer line-up than the beer tables as the evening wore on.

And, finally, number six, the bands.

The Bagg Team: A five-member outfit from Toronto, raunchy, Crampsish. Not bad for an opening act.

E.J. Brulé: Montreal's own alternative scat singer was a bit hard to hear, but he said a few interesting things about the city's french-english state of affairs (no direct quotes lest I get accused of libel. Thank-you).

Shadowy Men From A Shadowy Planet: Another Toronto band, a pleasant surprise, but suffering—as everyone did—from bad sound side effects. Instrumental surf-grunge extraordinaire, but where was their Noel fave *Faster Santa Clause Ho Ho Ho*?

House Of Knives: Deja Voodoo clones—one drummer, one guitarist/vocalist. Well done, but why listen to a sound-alike when the originals are right there? (Besides, isn't one Voodoo enough?)

The Gruesomes: Lots of old favourites—*Bikers From Hell*, *What's Your Problem*, etc—total garage trash. I love it! I'd forgotten how much fun these guys can be.

Deja Voodoo: The masters of sludge-billy, need I say more? They sounded like Deja Voodoo. Nuff said.

Ray Condo: As I forwent RearGarde tradition and saw the first band, I figured I'd miss the last one—it was getting late. They were probably very good.

Rockin' Rina

Rockin' With The Rev



Hi friends. You know, the Rev has noticed a Dangerous Trend throughout this land. All over the place, rock'n'roll scenes are dying worse than you can shake a stick at. For a period of six months or so, the Multitudes just plain stop going to shows. They stay home, watch lots of T.V., and grow their hair. Next thing you know, you've got a whole roomful of Long-haired hippies smoking drugs and playing Led Zeppelin on the turntable as if they were the best thing since sliced bread. Now you know, the Rev is a tolerant fellow. He'll let these people live. What more do they want? But for all you who want more out of life than Led Zeppelin on Crack, the following words of Divine Wisdom are for your eyes only.

You know, Cold, Hard, Cash is a wonderful thing. Now before you Cast Thine Eyes Away, this is not a plea for the aforementioned Good Thing. This is merely a humble prayer of thanks to the Big Guy for Flowing the Greens at Will. And you know, these Green Things sure do make Mankind do lots of Fun Things, like Start Wars, Kill People, buy Compact Discs, and Get Cool Haircuts. And you know, if there's one thing that the Good Lord just can't get a handle on, is all these people who refuse to kill each other, fight in wars, or continue to listen to records, and who do all this with Uncool Coiffes.

Now friends, as in all things in Life, there are countless ways to get Thine Hair cut. The Important Thing to consider is how to do it while receiving the blessing of He Who Is To Be Feared, and Have Fun at the same time. If you ever look around you while on a crowded, stinky bus, you will indeed see that the Multitudes have not been blessed, and are Not Having Fun. And do you know why? Have you ever cast thine eyes towards the Heavens and beseeched the Lord to Give a Sign, any kind of Sign?

If you have, you may have noticed that the Good Lord just plumb refuses to co-operate. And do you know why? It's because the Real Big Guy just can't decide whether the sign will be considered an indoor sign or an outdoor sign, and has, in His Divine Wisdom, decided to Shut Up. If there's one thing He hates it's having Paradise Firebombed. See, God's No Dummy. That's why He's where He is, and why nobody dares spraypaint over signs that read, "We accept American cash." But I digress.

Have you ever wondered where the Church gets all its money? Haircuts. Have you ever noticed that Ed's Barber Shop ("We Cut Hair Real Good"), is never open on Sunday? There. And you know, the Rev has done extensive research into this Very Important Thing, and has come up with this Divine Revelation. There is a direct relation between the decline of the Church, and the decline of the friendly neighbourhood barber shop. And you know, there is something that can be done by every God-given Soul. As the Lord said unto Job sternly, "Get thee a haircut, and stop whining about how awful things are. You think you've got things bad? I have to take out fire insurance on my pad." *Corinthians 5:12*.

Friends, it is the Almighty Task of each one of us to bolster the Church, Have Fun, and get haircuts at Tony's Barber Shop ("We Cut Hair Real Good, too."). Now before y'all take a major hankering to this Fun Task, there's a few points of etiquette you have to take into consideration. First, make sure you know Lots of Things. Like which horses are winning big at Bluebonnets, where the latest Elvis sighting took place, and Just Who the Heck is this Guy Geraldo Rivera anyways? It's important to get major male bonding happening with your barber. He often holds sharp objects in his hands. Don't talk too much, though. He'll think you're a smartass kid and make you look real stupid.

You know, friends, in this respect, a lowly barber quickly rises to ethereal heights. If he wants to, he could either make you look Real Funny, or look Real Cool. Just like God. But I digress.

A major part of how successful your haircut will turn out depends upon communication. You have to give Tony or Fred or Bob a Real Good Idea of how short you want things to go. It's a good idea to start off asking for something longer than you want. That way, you can Bug the Heck out of Tony by gradually asking to get it shorter. Just remember—you're the one with Green Things in your pocket, and that means You Have Power. Also remember this—Tony is now God, and He has real sharp scissors in his hands.

The Fun Thing about The Barber Shop is that it's cheap, it's fun, and you get to Hang Out with God for a little while. However, there's another way to Be Cool with Hair. Go down to your local neighbourhood hardware store, and fork out Twenty Green Things or So and get a nice set of hair clippers. Mohawk Clippers is a Good Brand Name to look for. You'll get a kit which consists of clippers, comb, scissors, different sized guides, and a Gideon's instruction manual. If you want to be fancy, ask a friend to Do the Holy Deed. Cut a hole in a garbage bag, stick your head through it, and cut it off! If you want to be cool, do it yourself. Get on your knees in front of a mirror, and do it! Remember one thing—you're acting in the service of the Lord, and even if you end up looking Real Stupid, you've done it for a good cause. It beats selling Girl Guide cookies. And you know, did you ever wonder why Girl Guides always wear berets? It's because they have stupid haircuts underneath.

Friends, if you have any doubts as to the validity of the Words of Wisdom you've just read, think of this Bible Tale. One day, the Lord was walking around his Condo, thinking about Big Things. Then a thought entered His mind, "Hey, if I called myself Ed and talked about racehorses, Elvis, and Geraldo, I bet I'd be real popular. Nah, that's too stupid." Then God opened up the first McDonalds instead. There you go. Amen.



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GRAPHIC: FRANK LINTZEN

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PERSONALS

Jabba says "Yabba fuck".

To Red-Dyed Hair, Hey! I love you! Happy VD! The Iceman. XXXXXXO

Hey, Spark! It's about time you made another visit to the Bay. We have to find out whether or not she belongs in Class A, although I suspect she does. The Spy.

Wanted. Libra. Male. Six feet tall (give or take four inches). Must like leather girls. Personality a must. No freaks. Write Kal c/o RearGarde.

Yo M. Roses are red, violets are blue, why don't you use those handcuffs, I bought them for you. Happy Valentine's Day. Poopsie Head. XXX

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Life Among Mirth And Darkness

by Ria Stochel



PHOTO: Steve Doucet

by Steve Doucet

Abstract

"Could you elaborate on the theme of World Transformation?"

"World Transformation entails the creation and installation of a new sound architecture containing formulas which will generate the social and chemical equations for the advent of the next time cycle.

Music must liberate itself from the constraints of symmetrical performance venues and burst out into the unsuspecting world at large.

These eloquent sound stratas must infiltrate the shrieking nothingness of everyday non-existence like an everlasting animal oscillating in between the depths of primordial sun rituals and the microtonal psychic scaffolding of ages to come."

Excerpts from a semi-imaginary conversation I had with **Anthony Braxton**.

In Victoriaville the architecture is not abnormal, it is not extravagant, it is not experimental or even geodesic. What may seem spontaneous to the minut mind of humankind, may only be inevitable to the infinite eye of Bog. In Victoriaville, which will be eighteen in the year Two Thousand, the trains run on time, even though there are no trains.

The music spoke of high adventure, of pillage and rapine, of vice and virtue, of rich living and hard dying; but nobody loved it enough. They didn't let the music possess their very souls. No one was moved to convulse in distorted anatomical configurations of semi-fraudulent agony and afterwards approach the ultra violet threshold of contemporary madness.

For who can say what strange liberation awaits the wet souls who stumble intrepidly towards the ancient and the sacred strategies against architecture.

Mechanical

Arriving in Victoriaville at night is like



Fred Frith and John Zorn.

riding a donkey into Jerusalem. I can just imagine Pierre Hebert film scratching on the giant screen in the Victoriaville drive-in movie theater. It could be like a real celebration with an orchestra of contemporary musicians or maybe the MSO. There could be a veritable feast with exotic foodstuffs, temporal belly dancing and unorthodox sun worshipping in a technicolor interpositive love-pulse matrix of our panchromatic neo-nocturnal G-mission. But I digress.

The first noteworthy piece of real estate which they destroyed...I mean there was this Belgian group called **The Piano Kwartet** (note the European spelling) but only three of them showed up. So they replaced the fourth member with none other than **Marilyn Crispell**.

This ensemble had a bit of an eccentric set up. Two grand pianos back to back, with four pianists. Hence the name Kwartet. That makes forty fingers on one hundred and seventy six keys.

Well, they delivered a resounding and sometimes cacophonous repertoire of modern classical and improvised music with considerable poise and unfailing precision.

And while the technical brilliance was often outstanding, the emotional dynamics were somewhat lacking. It was a little too academic or something, although the commentary was not.

All in all a nice bit of exotic dining music if you happen to be eating the entrails of a black pig in an antediluvian rain forest somewhere in South America with a smoking volcano in the background and various strains of mutant animals cavorting about in marginal erotic abandon in the midnight autumn air. 'Nuff said.

On the next night, the gathering bore witness to salivating **Fred Frith** (and we all thought he was so very well mannered) and short attention-spanned **John Zorn**.

These two, somewhat reknowned already and inevitably destined to come to-

gether at some point, were in fact together this night.

They improvised around two or three somewhat frenetic themes...a very brash and disjunct exchange it was, but satisfying too.

Frith, who never stands up when he plays, does this thing with his saliva (but perhaps that's too harsh a word). When the guitar is amplified, it's extremely sensitive, even the body. So he like wets his finger in his mouth and rubs it on the guitar body which produces a kind of semi-underwater sound.

He also pulls scarves or pieces of material in between the neck and the strings and bangs the mahine about so that it sort of becomes a real percussion instrument in the end.

Zorn, for his part, wanders about looking for new whisper lines to blare into unmercifully. And blare he does, as these two make their eclectic noises into the October night country.

Next up was the professor himself, **Anthony Braxton**.

The Braxton ensemble contained such luminaries as **Steve Hemingway**, **Joelle Leandre** and **Evan Parker** among others.

The piece presented was a sort of trans-temporal orchestral theorem. Yet another combination of unquestioning seminal formulas for a unique architectural enlightenment. The Braxton offering celebrates each concentric ring of time which elapses in the interval between one note and the next, gradually approaching entropic reconstruction.

The Monday (there was a monday this time) saw the solo performance of **Joelle Leandre**, a sometime radical double-bassist from France. She has played with **Cannaille**, a group of contemporary women musicians (but not appearing at Victoriaville) and, as mentioned before, with Braxton as well as numerous solo performances.

Here she did the gorilla and chambermaid imitations as well as some janitorial detail. She plays a versatile set replete with quiet shadowy passages, colourful intermediate movements and explosive exotic crescendos, always intrepid with bow in mouth and rainstorm soundtracks.

There's this theatrical thing as well: She does these little skits around the music, the main one being this cleaning woman who discovers the immortal cello on one of her assignments.

As she attempts to ascertain whether it's really alive by stroking and nudging it, she enjoys the singular distinction of being probably the only musician at the festival to reveal a genuine affection for her instrument.

A little modified chamber music you might say.

Then it was night time. The closing performance included the **Robert Frissel** band which I didn't like so I'm not going to talk about them. I always thought that if you slam a band you're just giving them publicity anyways so...I was also going to say that some of those bands that played at the Motel Colibri were downright pretentious, arty and boring...but I won't.

So the last band is **Nimal** (short for A-Nimal or french for no evil or perhaps the name of some obscure, renegade crab nebula in the Rigel IV sector) in any event a swiss group sporting accordians, glockenspiels and **Tom Cora**.

With small stringed guitar like things, semi-recognizable wind instruments and multiple-accordion configurations (Cora plays one too), they played a sort of electrified bavarian folk music, but contemporary in its' own way (I know that that's kind of vague...but vague is where it's at these days) and this Cora guy, he also did a few modulated cello solos of his own design.

More Abstract

So I said to this **Anthony Braxton**: "Do you think that perhaps the great

world transformation will begin on a level which is completely intuitive and the only time we'll know about it is a few seconds before it occurs? A grand social improvisation of cataclysmic proportions which will be triggered by an obscure intuitive notion in the fraction of a second, between one breath and the next or between the first two notes of some future opus.

Music must be liberated from the space prisons of the established order in which it is now condemned to be performed. Those new musics and visions must rise up to ignite the great collective unconscious in a massive psychic rebellion."

And he said: "I hope to meet you again in life".

Epilogue

And as the modified canine border sentry stamped our anti-radiation badges, we gained entry to the next quadrant.

And that, O my brothers, was just a malenky bit of non-sequitor veshch, cuz every real musical prestoopnick should know by now... Yeah mon, we find us a better rock... and all that cal.

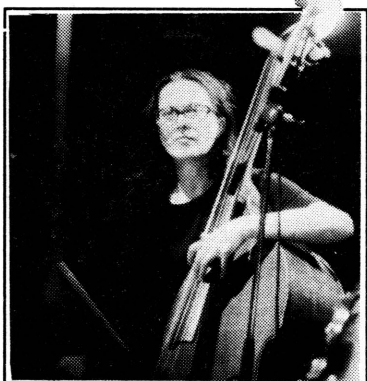
Postscript

One could ask the question: "Is this a contemporary article?"

But for every question there is, alas, another answer!

This print media presentation contains lines borrowed from the works of: **Alfred Bester**, **Anthony Burgess**, **George Orwell** and **Frank Zappa**. But not necessarily in that order.

(Editor's postscript: This article brings new meaning to the word 'overdue'. However, we figure the festival happens only once a year, so as long as we cover it sometime during the year, all should be okay. Besides, Steve's such a funny guy, we just couldn't resist publishing his article. If you are interested in this music, there is another Festival planned for this summer.)

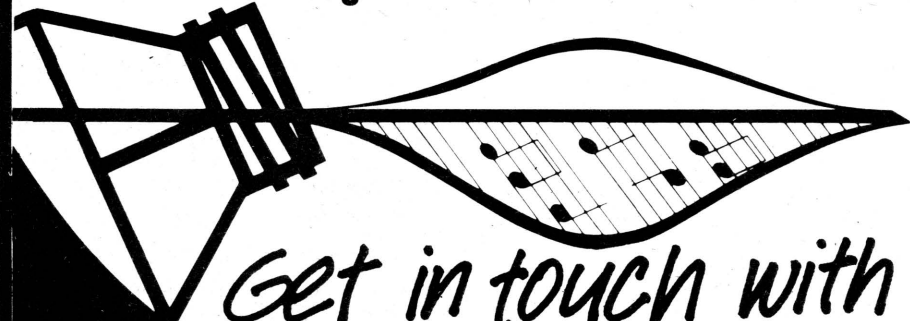


Joelle Leandre.



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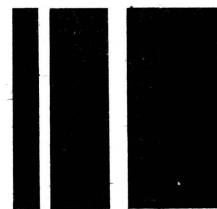
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**MOEV APPEAR LIVE
AT FOUFOUNES ELECTRIQUES ON FEBRUARY 4**

PHOTO: Twilight

NORTHERN VULTURES NORTHERN VULTURES



It's a cold day in December when the Northern Vultures wander into the CRSG studios for an interview on the Music Underground Montreal show. The band has been around for three years in the Montreal hardcore scene and before that was known as the Unrulled. We talked of music, beer, fridges and, of course, ice cream. Vocalist Beans and guitarist Mario start off the interview to be joined shortly by the other half of the band.

RearGarde: Okay, I admit I missed your recent show at the Foufounes...

Vultures: That maybe was our best crowd response ever. Technically it wasn't our best gig, but the crowd was the best ever.

RearGarde: Was that your first Foufounes show?

Vultures: No, we've played there four or five times... We just take a long time between shows.

RearGarde: You have to practice up all those new songs.

Vultures: What new songs? (laugh)

RearGarde: Wait a second—if you're practicing for all this time, how come you're not technically perfect?

Vultures: Because we drink too much. (laughs) No, it was just guitar strings breaking and guitar straps coming off, and bass strings and monitors. And beer.

RearGarde: But you guys wouldn't want to be technically perfect, would you? That would take away from the show.

Vultures: I'd like to be doing what I do in the best way I can. But with beer and moving around and everything, I don't take it too seriously—I don't want to have my feet in concrete. And we want to have that garage band sound, and beer helps.

RearGarde: Well, you guys have been around about three years now, but you don't play too many shows.

Vultures: First you've got to find a place to play, and places aren't that easy to find. The only places we've played in Montreal are the Foufounes and the Black Lite and now the Black Lite's closed we don't want to play Foufounes twice a month. There's just not enough venues in Montreal.

RearGarde: What about doing shows out of town?

Vultures: We played once in Toronto, and that one ended in smoke. (laughs) But things like that just aren't too easy to organize.

RearGarde: Do you find it's getting more difficult to get shows nowadays?

Vultures: It's always been difficult because people don't go out looking for bands, the bands have to go out and get the gigs. And when you're a local band you always get the extra days when the bigger touring bands aren't booked and so you make three or four dollars at a gig. Last time we did \$120 and that's a record for the Northern Vultures.

RearGarde: What about getting some management—getting more organized.

Vultures: We already have a manager—Gros Michel from Foufounes, and he's got a lot of connections, which helps. But if we ever plan to have a tour, we'd like to have something on a record before. We could play anywhere at any time, but if you go into a city where nobody knows you and you get five people in a club, that just won't last you until the next town.

(Eric the bassist and Kelly the drummer turn up at this point)

RearGarde: You guys were self-described as a "garage band" a little earlier. Now that everyone's here, does anyone want to object to this?

Vultures: We're a fridge band.

RearGarde: A fringe band?

Vultures: (all together) No, a Fridge Band. (laugh) We're rehearsing in a refrigerator. And beer has something to do with it, too.

RearGarde: Which brings up the traditional

RearGarde question of 'How big a role does beer play in the band?'

Vultures: I wouldn't say beer so much... more like THC. And then there's songs like *The Life And Times Of Winston Smith*—that was written on coffee. That's one of my favourite drugs. (The band starts arguing about coffee consumption).

RearGarde: Wait a second here. You're a garage band and a fridge band, but I've always described you as a roots-hardcore band.

Vultures: Well, you could call us that, but I've never liked the 'hardcore' label. I'd rather call us 'Punk Rock'. Still it doesn't sound like what we normally call punk music or 'Sound of 77', I think what we're doing is updating the kind of music GBH and Discharge were doing back in '83. I'd describe us as a party band with a political conscience (laughs)... When we're straight we're a political band, but when we're on stage we're a drinking band.

RearGarde: Do you get political? It doesn't really come across in your songs.

Vulture: Maybe one in four of us is political. You see, we're a democratic type of band where we all agree to disagree with each other. We're not trying to put across any particular political stance, but we're all

trying to get our own input.

RearGarde: If you guys are updating GBH and Discharge while a lot of other bands are adding metal influences, do you ever feel you've been passed by?

Vultures: No, no, we feel we're original. I think it's got to go back again—you can't just keep adding speed and adding metal all the time, you've got to slow down some time, and we just slowed down before the rest of them.

RearGarde: You guys had the song *Rise Up* on the recent *Kitsch'en Squatt* compilation cassette. How did you end up on that?

Vultures: They paid for the studio time. (laughs) That was the first time we ever went into the studio, just to record that one song.

RearGarde: Are you getting more response now that you've got something released?

Vultures: You should have seen the last show... Actually, we started out the show with silly string. That's going to be a new trademark for the band—silly string. Besides, it fits in well with the atmosphere in the Foufounes and we are a sort of house band there.

RearGarde: Yeah, once every six months, you're bound to be there.

Vultures: Not every six months. More like three or four times a year.

RearGarde: So I'd guess you're not making a living off of music.

Vultures: (altogether) No, no... Well, I'd like to get something out on vinyl and get out on the road. We're hoping to get on Bondage Records, and we're also going to be talking to Fringe.

RearGarde: And getting bigger shows? You opened for the UK Subs when they were in town.

Vultures: We opened for the Subs twice—once as the *Unrulled* and once as the Northern Vultures. Then we played at the *Connection 85* record launch. We've played with DBC and United Party and other famous bands like those. We've played a lot of benefits—it's about time we played one for ourselves.

RearGarde: So if you've played all these shows, how come you're not huge?

Vultures: (Eric) I'm huge. (laughs). I don't know, I guess we just don't play enough. The place we're big in is France. We've got eight interviews going in fanzines in France and we're getting some radio play there, but here in Montreal—it's not the type of music Montrealers listen to. Montrealers are more towards DRI and stuff like that, American bands. We have more European influences.

RearGarde: Euro-hardcore?

Someone Hanging Around The Studio: If you shaved your heads and wore docs you'd be huge in Montreal.

Vultures: What you think we sound like a skinhead band? (much reaction in the band, both pro and con, a loud belch) Well, I don't mind but we're not going to shave our heads. We've got long hair, so forget it...

RearGarde: I was going to bring that up... You don't look like a hardcore band.

Vultures: Do we have to?

RearGarde: I don't know. You just don't.

Vultures: We have leather jackets, but it's a little cold to wear them in December. We're not trying to have a "look". We used to look hardcore and we probably will again, but we just look the way we look. It's the no-pose pose.

RearGarde: But now you're using props like silly string on stage.

Vultures: Yeah, a five dollar can of silly string and the audience goes berserk in the front row.

RearGarde: It'll be fake snow next.

Vultures: (laugh) Maybe if we do a show before Christmas. What we should do is play New Year's in Toronto again. We played a show there last year and we only got to do a show and a half. These guys (the rest of the band) they brought a smoke bomb that was used for testing industrial ventilation systems. I told them to test the damn thing, but no. The thing goes off and the whole bar clears out and there's like three cop cars and seven fire trucks... And people still remember us in Toronto. (Much discussion about the concept of setting off bombs at shows. Someone mentions that they have another bomb at home—the consensus is that he should keep it there)... I couldn't see anything, so I kept on playing for 20 minutes because I didn't know if there were still people in the club... I couldn't see the microphone so I fell off the stage and started to puke, and that was the end of the gig. (everyone laughs)

RearGarde: The name Northern Vultures. Why?

Vultures: The "Northern" is for Canada. Vultures, vultures, vultures, (laughs) um... Because we live off what society throws away. (Lots of 'oohs' and ahs from the rest of the band)...

RearGarde: But did you think of that when you named the band?

Vultures: Actually, it's just if you take the first letters it's N, V, Envy. Get it?

RearGarde: I'm not sure... The band's 75 per cent francophone, why don't you sing in french?

Vultures: If Julio Iglesias can sing in french when he's Spanish, why can't we sing in english? Really, it's just the feeling of the music—french doesn't have the anger. It's not rough enough.

RearGarde: Okay, why didn't you guys keep the name the *Unrulled*?

Vultures: Because it was something like the tenth line-up. There wouldn't have been any original Unrulled members in the band. Well, there was one, but he left (laughs). But before he left we were called the Northern Vultures.

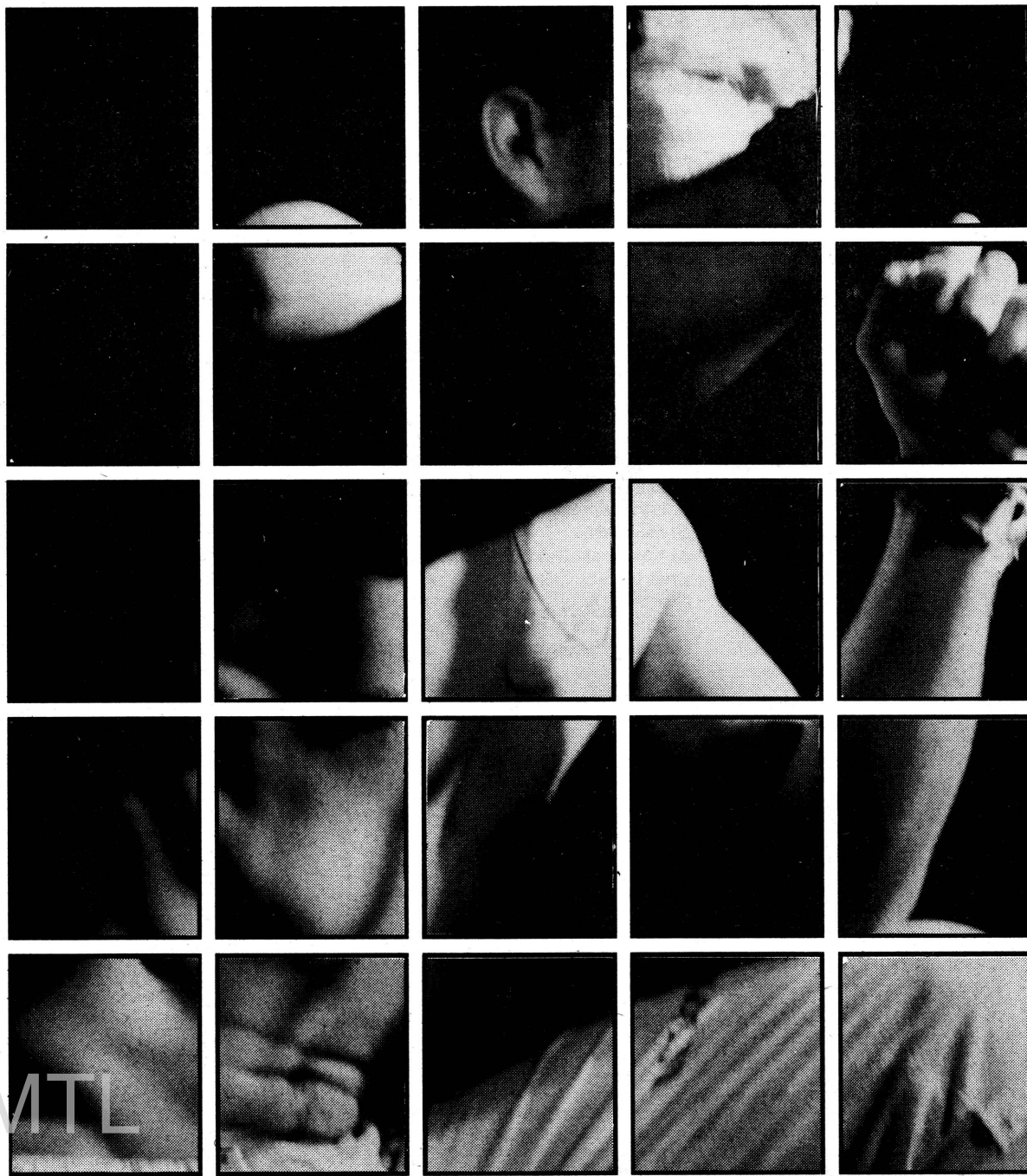
RearGarde: Final question guys, and this is the important one: If you could be any flavour of ice cream, which one would you be and why?

Vultures: Anthrax ripple... Can I be an appliance instead?... I kind of like strawberry...

RearGarde: You wouldn't be eating it, you'd be that flavour.

Vultures: Well, if I was anthrax ripple nobody would eat me!... Napolitana (much swearing in Italian, complaints about the question and something about speed bumps. They give up but they promise to mail in some answers at a later date).

Interview conducted by Paul Gott.



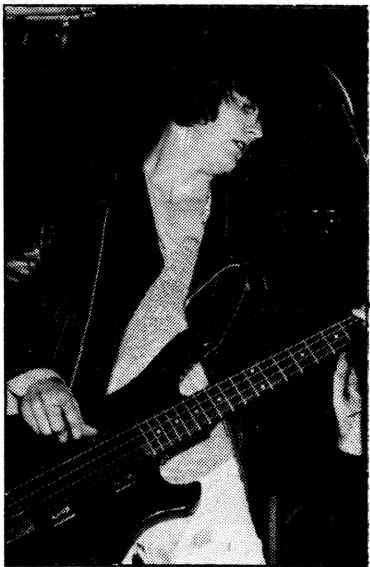


PHOTO: Johnny Jazz Anderson



In the past year, Rochester's favourite sons, Uncle Sam have gone from being complete unknowns to being unknowns who get interviewed on MuchMusic. And it's all thanks to the year's trashiest LP with the cover suitable for framing, Heaven or Hollywood. So join singer Scott Cessna, drummer Jeff Mann and guitarist Larry Miller (bassist Dave Gentner was elsewhere) as we discuss P!ayboy magazine, sandwiches, drummers, videos, roofing and the meaning of life. All on the world's ugliest tour bus.

RearGarde: Welcome back to Toronto. I saw you guys on MuchMusic last night and you looked a little zonked out, or maybe it was bus lag. Feeling any better?

Jeff: Yeah, bus lag. That's it, our bus had just landed.

Scott: And the heroin in Toronto is real strong.

Jeff: There's no methedone here whatsoever.

RearGarde: How are things going with the record companies.

Larry: Great. They're ignoring us.

Jeff: It's not that bad, really. We have some lines out and we're just waiting for the right bite.

Scott: Well put, Jeff, well put.

Jeff: Hey, I'm a sportsman. Plus Larry just got back from England. Ask him about that.

RearGarde: Okay, Larry, how about that?

Larry: It went well. *Kerrang* gave us a 5K rating and we got good reviews in *Metal Hammer*. *Raw* and a couple of others. And later on we'll be playing there.

RearGarde: (to Scott) I heard a story about you...

Scott: It's not true! Don't believe it, I was never there.

RearGarde: ...about you shooting yourself in the foot.

Scott: Well, yeah, I did do that.

Jeff: Not with a real gun, though. It was a nail gun.

Scott: It was a roofing accident. That's what happens when you start drinking at eight in the morning.

RearGarde: So, what about your legendary Syracuse gig?

Jeff: Well, it was pretty bad, it was a small crowd...

Scott: And Jeff didn't like us.

Jeff: No, I was ready to quit. It was my first gig with the band and almost my last. According to Dave it was the most arrogant gig the band has ever done.

RearGarde: On whose part—yours or the audience?

Jeff: Oh, ours definitely.

Scott: They didn't like us.

Jeff: No, there were a lot of other musicians and stuff in the audience and everybody has an attitude, so there was no response. Besides, it was a weird show—we were all smashed, Scott was a trivia question, Larry was throwing up. But we've improved since then.

RearGarde: That's a relief.

Jeff: Yeah, I was getting a little worried myself, but everything's been great.

Scott: For the last two days, anyway.

Jeff: These last 48 hours have been just heaven.

Scott: Later on we're going to be touring with Sonic Youth, Sabotage and Suicidal Tendencies.

Jeff: Did you know that the guy from Suicidal Tendencies has a band called Uncle Sam?

Scott: I think we ought to sue.

Larry: There seem to be a few bands in the States called Uncle Sam.

Scott: But we're by far the dirtiest. This is the *Dirt Tour*.

Jeff: And it's getting longer and longer. When I get back I don't think I'll have a job left.

RearGarde: Oh, what is your job?

Jeff: I'm a sandwich maker, I make sandwiches in a restaurant so if you're hungry...

RearGarde: No thanks, that's quite alright, what happened to the last drummer?

Scott: He just didn't fit in with the lifestyle. He wasn't dirty enough and he didn't drink, not that you have to drink to be in a band but you have to be dirty and you can't be dirty if you don't drink.

Jeff: They hired me because of my hygiene, they looked at me and said god you reek if you can just play drums your in for sure.

RearGarde: Ok lets talk about censorship.

Scott: You mean the album cover?

RearGarde: Exactly, now were you trying to get banned?

Larry: No it was a protest.

Scott: Nah we just wanted to cause a

reaction either way.

RearGarde: I understand it made *Playboy*.

Jeff: I bought the issue and there it was, plain as day.

RearGarde: You didn't notice at first did you?

Jeff: Right, I was sitting on the john leafing through it for the fourth time and suddenly, surprise.

Scott: Is a true story?

Jeff: Sure, I had just finished the year in sex and looking for the good stuff and then I see this album cover, didn't mention the music much though.

RearGarde: So, I guess you made the big time then.

Scott: Yeah, us and Jim Baker.

Jeff: I'm just wondering what we could possibly do for the next cover, how could we top it?

Scott: I already know but I'm not telling you.

Jeff: Really? It's a secret?

Scott: Or maybe we'll just take some pictures of this tour, we'll get a stripper for this table here.

Jeff: Definitely we've got to get a table dancer.

RearGarde: She's going to have to be a midget, this roof is really low.

Jeff: Yeah, I guess she'd have to be about four years old.

Larry: No, she'll have to bend over.

Scott: There, Larry's thinking.

RearGarde: I should tell you that strip clubs in Montreal are allowed to open longer than they are here.

Larry: It's probably worth our while to go there then.

At this point several other people entered the bus including bassist Dave Gentner, thereby making interview conditions pretty much impossible.

Interview conducted by David James

FILLER



Thursday nights on your radio dial, at least on CKUT, you're able to hear something different than what your used to. **Radio Free Vestibule** is the name but this is not where their story ends.

Three guys (Terrence Bowman, Bernard Deniger and Paul Pare) make up what could be considered the hottest comedic troupe in the city. To date they have performed their weekly show on CKUT for the past 14 months, they have received airplay on a couple CBC radio shows, Terry Di Monte's morning show on CHOM and the internationally syndicated Dr. Demento show. Recently the three of them have even taken to the stage with a live performance of Radio Free Vestibule. A couple months ago they performed at the Tycoon as the openers for the *Bubblegum Army*, those shows went so well that they are going to be headlining at the same venue later on this month.

Radio Free Vestibule was originally meant just for radio work but has since had to evolve with their success on the mainstream radio shows and their live shows. "We're going through some headaches right now," says Bowman, "we have to get through the process of signing with Pro-Can to protect our songs."

Their songs are a major part of their act, one song which has turned out really popular for them recently was *Papa Pygmy* which Bowman describes as "like a Deja Voodoo drums and bongos thing." This song was recently played on the Dr. Demento show out of California, "we heard he takes tapes unsolicited so we sent in a couple of our best shows and he sent back the release letter and played our song."

A common complaint the Radio Free Vestibule people hear is that the 15 minute show is just too short. Bowman explains how difficult it would be to expand the show any further, "to make it 30 minutes it would take so much of our time. We each spend about 40 hours a week to do that show, including the writing of the songs and the production."

Their live shows are a refreshing change for themselves as they actually get to see their audience instead of just playing to a "silent" audience. The audiences on the two nights they played were mostly made up of CKUT listeners as well as people who have heard them on CHOM. "Our first shows went really, really well," says Bowman, "but we would like to develop the live stuff some more. We did five or six songs those nights that we played and most of the crowd knew our stuff just from hearing it on the CHOM morning show."

Future plans for Radio Free Vestibule is the attempted syndication of their show to major commercial stations or at least any station that will pay for it. "We feel our strong point is at radio and that is what we are best at," says Bowman, "we feel this is where we can have the most success."

They have tried to market the show as a quickie piece of comedy but so far most stations have made the excuse that they don't have the budgets to air this kind of show. "We'd like to do the type of thing where it's one skit daily but most stations just say that they're not developing that kind of programming."

Future plans for the Vestibule crew include a video which might be done in the near future for a song called *You Should See the Video for this Song*. "The song was originally about videos but the whole concept of the song is that there is no video for this song. So ironically we're going to make a video for this song that shouldn't have a video." Huh?

Asked as to what the goals and dreams of Radio Free Vestibule would be Bowman answered with a straight-face (over the phone) "we'd like to have our own breakfast cereal with little radio shaped marshmallows."

So check out Radio Free Vestibule on CKUT every Thursday night at 7:45 and go and see them live at Tycoon on the 24th and 25th of February. They could turn out to be the English Rock Et Belles Oreilles, but I wouldn't want to jinx them.



**Radio
Free
Vestibule**

THE
MEN
FROM

UNCLE

A new Washington D.C. band: This piece of vinyl rocks! Lyrics are thought-provoking and emotional, written by Ian MacKaye and co-vocalist Guy (formerly of **Rites of Spring**). When Ian and Guy sing together, the end result is powerful and melodic—it sounds great. You could even dance to this one if you wanted to. A must for MacKaye/Dischord fans. Too bad it only has seven songs. I can't wait to see Fugazi live! (\$6. *US from Dischord Records, 3819 Beecher St., NW Wash. D.C. 20007*).

Swiz plays above average thrashy hardcore, and they sound pretty tight on their second slab of vinyl. (They're another D.C. band, by the way.) The music is much more interesting than their first release, and they've definitely undergone some improvements. Shawn Brown (**Dag Nasty's** original singer) shouts with intensity. I can't understand most of the words and left the lyric sheet in Boston, but it sounds pretty emotional. Apparently about relationships, lies, betrayal and stuff like that. A cool band. (\$7. US, *Sammich Records, P.O.Box 32292, Wash. D.C., 20007*).

I knew my record-reviewing day would come when I would get two such fine albums as these. This compilation is one of the finest albums to have graced my turntable needle in ages. If you're familiar with the kings of the "gentleman's instrument" names like **Joe Burke, Sean McGlynn, Jackie Daly** as well as six others then you'll just love the album. Keep in mind this is not the stuff from Cajun country but is the authentic squeezing and pressing straight from the "old country." Almost everybody loves the accordion (in fact our own dear editor used to play the accordion and entertain all the old ladies at the hotel his family would stay at whenever they took their summer vacations in the New England area) and this album is a great introduction to those who are starved for some high-paced squeezin'. The second album from Green Linnett is **Paddy O'Brien's** and his album is a bit more low-key than the compilation and doesn't really move me as much. A whole album's worth of his stuff can get monotonous, and get on some people's nerves (ask my roomates) but the one song with vocals, *The Wounded Hussar* is a welcome respite from the other instrumentals. An album with more vocals would be a welcome change. (*Both albums are available from Green Linnett Records, 70 Turner Hill Rd., New Canaan, CT 06840*)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

I'm not going to use big words like opus or wizardry to describe this album but I will use one word, scintillating. Relaxing at times, rambunctious at others, Toronto Jazz newcomer Jane Burnett offers a fresh vitality to what at times could be a moribund type of music. Her exquisite soprano saxophone and flute playing occasionally take a backseat to the rest of the band but this by no means gives the listener a break. Hopefully next time she won't have to augment her own band with New York musicians and she gets to spend more time in the studio rather than the two days she did spend. Aside from the music the most interesting part I found about the album was the use of New York Times music critic Robert Palmer writing the liner notes. Can the Big Apple be seen in the crystal ball for Jane Burnett? (*Dark Light Records, 508 Queen Street West, 3rd floor, Toronto, Ontario M5V 2B3*)

What do you get when you get a fuck-band from France (some guy from Ludwig Von 88 and others) doing songs which are lots of fun and have a great beat? Why it's PPI. A mixture of the Specials, The Pogues, The Dix Van Dykes and 14 other bands I can't quite place but in about six months I'll be able to tell you who they are. This record has been good at wearing out my needle. It's that much fun. Great stuff for a party and even better stuff to wake up to. Check out the silly cover, it looks like some kids' album or something. (*Bondage Records 77 Rue De Montreuil, Paris, France 75011*)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Old major labelers Dream Syndicate are back trying to regain some of their lost hype. I was never that familiar with their old music but I did know some of their better known material. This album doesn't cover any new ground but it is an alright album to listen to for someone like me who never heard too much of the band before. Somewhat recommended but don't waste your last dollar on it—you might get pissed off at me for that. (*Enigma/Capital*)

Now here's an album I can groove to. Some fine... uh, neat live stuff, with tons of energy as well as some fine... uh, neat studio stuff with lots of energy. It's got that primitive garage sound which is kinda difficult to translate to vinyl, but the boys do a heck of job with it. The album has recently been released domestically here in moose country and as an added bonus we get a seven song EP. Well kids, whatchya waiting for,...I promise you won't be disappointed. (Star Records, 148 Simcoe Street S., Oshawa Ont. L1H 4G7)

First off these guys look too clean cut to kick some butt as the album cover suggests. It is kinda rip-roarin' music that Austin, Texas is so famous for now but at times it just turns into generic southern fried rock. This three piece has come out of such bands as Charlie Sexton, Stevie Ray Vaughn, the LeRoi Brothers and the Fabulous Thunderbirds but really doesn't live up to any of those acts. The best tracks on *Ok Let's Go* are the honky-tonkin' title track and the Cajun stomp of *All I Really Want*. We'll probably hear more from them. (*Enigma/Capital*)

Stompin' Tom Connors, *Fiddle & Song*
Stompin' Tom is back from his self-induced exile. *Fiddle & Song* is his first album in years and he hasn't lost a step in the process. This new 15 song LP is his first for his new label and he seems to have wanted to show them and his fans he's still got it. Connors has always figured that he could easily win audiences over with songs that have to do with something going on in their areas. With so many new bands doing some of his old songs he seems to have tried to answer them with *Lady k.d. lang* which of course is about Alberta's Juno award winning Cowpunkette. The rest of the album is what you'd expect from Mr. Connors but we have the added bonus of his wife joining

A very fine pile of half-disco filled and great disgusting poetry, sealing the union of suave Lady Lunch and Sir Foetus-in-Ruin, from their lovecase somewhere in the sewage system of Brooklyn. **Mosimann** is on it also. (*Dimehart/Widowspeak, P.O. Box 1085 Canal St. Station, NYC, 10013-1085*).

For a remake of an old soundtrack, this **Bad Seed** has turned into a big sombre, scary thing, ready to inject into you a boiling mix of metal and thunderdrums, while tons of saxophones and trumpets are howling above his head, like in an ancient jazz story. Copascepic and electrifying... (*Mute Records, 429 Harrow, London, W104RE*).

Yes, another D.C. band (I listened to lots of this stuff during my vacation). This LP is good, although I think that perhaps they should work on a slightly more original sound. Ignition is a band that seems to sound better after a few listenings. *Sinker* is a particularly catchy tune, and I like this version better than the old one, which was on a previous record. It stands out from the rest, at least to my ears. Sounds like this band has improved. Not the kind of stuff that makes me get up and dance around the room but definitely worth checking out. (\$7 U.S., *Dischord Records, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Wash. D.C. 20007*).

I met two members of Reason To Believe in California and not only were they cool guys, but they're also a good band. The six songs on this record have a "D.C." feel to them, a bit similar to old **Scream**. They have a powerful and catchy sound and I think that this band could really stand out in the punk scene. Thrashy yet tuneeful; definitely worthwhile. (\$4 U.S., *Soul Force Records, P.O.Box 10094, Scotts., AZ 85271*).

A black and white illustration of a person standing in water, wearing a mask and holding a small object. A thought bubble above their head contains a dark, abstract shape. The word "unrest" is written in a stylized font above the person.

This record didn't do much for me. **Ripcordz** fans may appreciate this band's ability to record an album not always in tune and not always in time. The songs are interspersed with a number of easy to forget improvisational jams. The band includes some distortion guitar, some acoustic guitar, a bit of sitar, some piano and even trumpets. The vocals are fairly strong, on occasion they resemble the semi frantic voice of the guy from the **Violent Femmes**, though generally the vocals were nice and pleasant. But they do manage a great cover of **Kiss's Strutter**. A tribute to Kiss? Not quite, but interesting. (*Caroline Records, 5 Crosby Street, NYC, NY 10013*).

ON THE RECORD

If you like pop tarts and the **Hoodoo Gurus**, you'll probably like this one. Some pretty good grappling iron hooks here that hitched me to the back of a '67 Ford Galaxie 500 and dragged me naked down Sunset Strip—whatever the Elvis that means. But too many of the lyrics are vapid clichés stacked so high you'd have to hack through them with a machete... there's a girl in my dreams, and things aren't always what they seems, and I go through toilet paper by the reams. Yeah right. The only things in my dreams are these fat shambling oafs that look like a battalion of rabid Jackie Gleason's that chase me around with meat cleavers made out of sets of old ladies' false teeth. (Sorry, the acid is kicking in.) But overall this is as good of an album as *Blow Your Cool*. File under Ralph Malph falls in love. (Oh no, the acid's got me by the scrotum and I just tried to eat my shoe while I was still wearing it.) (P.S. Some girl tried to get in touch with me at Paul Remington's love shack. Call me at 499-0485 and I'll buy you a baguette of your choice, unless of course you're my Mom or a student loan authority. Just ask for Potsie.)

"If you want perfect pitch and slick production then look somewhere else", so says the disclaimer on the album. A smattering of disjointed noises moulded to grinding, sheet-metal guitars. *Flour* seeps into the bloodstream, makes its way up to the throat and throttles you conscious. It crackles, it smoulders, it disturbs the neighbours and it all makes perfect nonsense. There's and Intro and an Outro with songs about blood and stuff inbetween. Makes me scratch. I don't know why, but I really like it. (*Touch and Go Records P.O.Box 25520, Chicago, Ill 60625*).

Several months of smooching from the underground press and we have insta-legend. Insta-legend is now going around in circles on my turntable and I'm scratching my head. We have three versions of the classic **Stones** song. *Humph*. The A side is a monotone, drudge through molasses version. I know it's the wrong speed, but my turntable won't go to 78. *Humphh*. Let's flip this sucker. The *Who Killed the Kennedys* version is a dance mish-mash with cheesy Bananarama type squaking over a techno beat. Ominous narratives about choice narcotics, the assassinatonn and the Stones as educational value. If I was a disco bunny, I'd be in heaven. *Humphhhh*. The last version doesn't warrant mention. It's all quite trite: wearing thinner upon each lis-

ten. Hang on there's more. The predecessor to this sequel has six versions of *Sympathy*. More? You want more? Well these Yugoslavs have also done up the **Beatles'** *Let it Be* (the whole album). Humphhhh. (*Mute Records, 429 Harrow, London M104RE*).

I like this record! These folks get more and more musical with each release. Noticeably the vocal sounds are varied and extreme in this offering, ranging from gregorian chant to Satan to standard NomeansNo wailings to top 40 radio rock-pig. They cover all the bases vocally. The music is jam packed full of stunts, stops, extreme punches, wall of sound slow parts, crashing rock disaster bits, exceptional, incredible sounds. Really, really great distorted guitar sound. Listen close for the blistering fast one called *Teresa, Give Me That Knife*, and a ten minute rock epic entitled *Real Love*, where their finale uses the lyrics... "It's like thunder and lightning, the way you love me, the way you love, the way you love me...it's...frrriiiiiiiightening." (*Alternative Tentacles/Cargo Records, 1180, Sainte-Antoine Street West, Montreal, Que H3C 1B4.*)

A guy asks me, "you got 1000 Homo DJs at your radio station?". "No", says I. "Oh yeah you do," he snickers. This is **Ministry's Al Jourgensen** in one of his numerous guises, getting blotto, running guitars through cheap distortion boxes, recovering months later, and pressing the event onto a slab of black polyvinylchloride. It's a lotta buzz and noize (yeah with a "z") and... well, some people really get off on this stuff. No matter what, it's the best name for a band, hands down. (*Wax Trax*. 2445 N.Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill 60614).

Government Issue, *Crash*
Fast, powerful, crunchy, melodic guitar

A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK



by **BURNT BARFETT**

Death, I have defeated you. The mighty scythe you hold is but a butter knife. The fearless black, hooded cape merely a worn-out moth-eaten blanket draping your grossly under-weight shoulders. I stand before you encased in my armor, jeans and a white tee-shirt. You shudder. Not at me but at the man standing by my side. Your arch enemy, he who refuses to die. Who blatantly lives on despite your annoying interference. The man is ELVIS, the King of Rock 'n Roll.

Finally after years of intense research on raising the dead I single-handedly managed to rescue Elvis from the dank pits of death's lair. I won't go into the details of how I did it because I don't have enough imagination but the fact remains that I am standing here in front of death with Elvis Presley by my side. Death can do nothing but sigh in defeat. As he turns and rattles away I can't help but hum one of those silly Rag Time numbers.

I take a moment to collect myself. Elvis looks at me, I look at him and we both smile. Then he starts to cough, just a little at first but it grows louder. Pretty soon he's hacking like a dog. I intervene and slap him heartily on the back, a huge black wad of dirt shoots out of his mouth and sails into the distance. He takes a cool moment to look around and enjoy his new found life. "What's yer name?" My eyes dart up down his fabulously sequined outfit (I couldn't look his majesty in the eyes). "BURNT" I said as casually as possible. "C'mon BURNT. Let's get outta here!"

As we climb into the car I attempt a little conversation action. "So Elvis what was it like being dead?" The king rolls down the window stifles a cough and says in that deep qualude-induced voice of his, "Same as being alive 'cept cheaper." I laugh. He laughs. We smile and then he begins to cough uncontrollably. I pull the car over to the curb and Elvis opens the passenger door. Chunks of rock and dirt pour out of his mouth. I pretend not to notice, he pretends not to notice that I am pretending not to notice. I start the car and we're off again.

Finally I get up some nerve. "Listen Elvis, I need your help." I suddenly felt like the biggest idiot that ever walked the earth (*Not for the first time, I'm sure—ed.*). Here I am sitting in a car with the King of Rock 'n Roll and all I can think of is how to get him into my next column. But why the hell not. I spent years pouring over huge texts on reanimation (even though I never thought it would work, it kept me busy and relatively out of trouble). He looks at me and says, "Anything for you BURNT, you saved me and made me real again. Whattaya want?" I start to give him the business. "Well I need your opinion on a couple of albums. In fact I happen to have them right here."

With death-defying grace I took my hands off the wheel, reached into the backseat and grabbed onto the albums for this month's column which were stolen from the CRSG studios. I promised I'd mention their name. "You got a turntable in here?" I laughed so as to establish a childlike superiority. "No Elvis." Once again I suddenly felt like the biggest idiot that ever walked the earth (*Not for the last time, I'm sure—ed.*). You can never imagine what it feels like to have the King of Rock 'n Roll in your car and be able to say the words "No Elvis." Even though Priscilla had probably said them hundreds of times it still gave me a special thrill.

Anyways I said, "Just look at the album covers and give me your opinion, then we'll do sort of a Siskel and Ebert Thumbs up thumbs down kinda thing." "Who's Ebert?" he asked. I chuckled. "He's the fat one."

I handed Elvis the album called *Regular Jailbreak* by **Perfect Daze**. The album features a full fridge in red-toned convalescence. This was my first mistake. Elvis took one look at the cover at yelped, "Wow jus look at all them eggs up there on the fridge door!" Why I'd jus love ta boil them in a big pot a water till there all hard boiled. Then I'd git some chocolate sauce ta cover them with, nuts and honey, sugar—lots of brown and white sugar..."

Elvis' speech had been growing in intensity and diminishing in comprehension. I decided to cut it off. "So that's thumbs up, right?" He looked at me and with his teeth all a grittin' and said, "Gosh BURNT I'm awful hungry. Think we could get some grub?" I comforted a starving Elvis, "Don't worry baby, I'll slaughter a cow on the side of the road if I have to, just keep talking. Here tell me what you think of this one." I thrust **Red Sovine's** album called *The One and Only*. He took one brief look at it and said, "God that boy's ugly. And his name why it sounds like some kinda trout. But by the looks of it he hasn't been doing much spawning lately." Elvis buckled over with laughter and then and then all of a sudden something in the background on the album caught his eye. "Why look at that beautiful barn behind Red—why I bet they keep chickens in there. Big chickens just ready for pluckin' and you could fry em whole." Elvis was hypnotised by his own perverted imagination. "An with the chickens you could have mounds and mounds of maple syrup sprinkled with nuts and maybe order a couple of pizzas on the side. Yeah all dressed extra cheese." Elvis turned and saw a diner in the distance his eyes glowed somethin' awful. "There, pull over there, please."

He was really getting restless so I pulled the car over to the side of the road. Elvis and I heaved our way out of the car and hulked into the sleazy diner. I sat at the front so as to attract attention. But unfortunately the waitress treated us with just as much respect as the next guy, who was a passed out trucker. Elvis started with a little appetizer four roast beef sandwiches with extra fries and coleslaw a pretty good deal for \$3.25 each. I had a coffee which I silently sipped as Elvis gulped down two steaks, a few souvlakis, a dozen bagels with cream cheese and two chocolate cakes he was starting to get real upset when he found out that there wasn't any apple pie. That's when I started to get worried about the check. I slipped out the bathroom window and headed back to town. What the hell did I care—he was just another Rock 'n Roll has been and I was a talented new writer clawing my way to the top anyway I could.

riffs: the basic sustenance of life. Ah, but basic survival is mundane without intellectual stimulation. Spend some quality time with the lyrics upon settling down and double your pleasure. Ugh, who wrote that? Anyway, Government Issue thank the **Doughboys** on the cool liner notes so they can't be all bad. (*Giant Records*).

John Sekerka

'Til Things are Better, Various

Rest easy now cause Johnny's outta the hospital. The world is well again. Does anyone realize the Man in Black's contribution to music? Some of the ways of that argument got together and plunked down this hunk of a benefit album (proceeds go to AIDS research). What we have here is a house band revolving door vocalists tracking the highlights of **Cash's** musical career. Everything from *I Walk the Line* to *Ring of Fire* is covered, and handsomely I might add. Some of the singers you ask? Well there's **Michelle Shocked**, **Marc Almond** and **Peter Shelley** to namedrop a few. The sound is bright, the performances are spirited and the songs, well you know the songs. What are you waiting for? (*Fundamental Records*).

John Sekerka

Guitar Speak, Various

This compilation is part of IRS Records' *No Speak* series of instrumental albums. It features a variety of songs for guitar, most of them heavy rock. A lot of guitarists featured are old farts who haven't been heard from in years, **Robbie Krieger** from The Doors, **Leslie West** from Mountain. The best guitar work, however, comes from newcomer **Erci Johnson** and his song *Western Flyer*. Johnson borrows a little from Hendrix and a lot from Holdsworth, but still keeps his own technical style. **Steve Howe** (ex-Yes) provides an interesting piece, *Sharp on Attack* which stands out because it's all music and no show-off guitar licks. Aside from some bland exhibitionism by some typical sounding guitarists, this album gives a pretty good account of instrumental guitar in the eighties. (*IRS Records*).

Louis Rastelli

Johnny Winter, Winter 88

The album starts off with a few forgettable pop-type songs, but it really cooks once Johnny starts playing the blues. His incredible slide technique makes for great guitar solos, and his voice is raspier than ever. *Ain't That Just Like a Woman* is great straight blues, much like the material from his last few albums. *Lightning* has Johnny trying his hand at Sludgeabilly, believe it or not. And *It'll Be Me* is great butt-kicking blues based rock. His last three albums have probably been the best in his long career, and hopefully this one will put that new breed of wimpy blues (**Robert Cray**, etc.) into its place. (*Mercury Records*).

Louis Rastelli

Common Ailments of Maturity, Smoldering Lunchbox

The cover art is pretty weird, and the record itself is kind of strange. Sorta early Cure/Joy Division meets Butthole Surfers. Submerged vocals, eerie slithering guitars and a steady beat that holds it all together. Demented acid rock to psychotic, chaotic punk. (*Common Ailments, P.O. Box 51, Boston, MA 02141*)

Greg Miller

Frank Zappa, You Can't Do That On Stage Anymore Vol.2

This is all one concert in Helsinki in 1974, completely live and with no overdubs. This show was at the end of the tour, so the band palys all the difficult stuff very well. The lead singer had pneumonia that night, so most of the songs are instrumentals. *Approximate* and *Don't You Ever Wash That Thing?* really push the band to the outer limits of musical ability, while *Stinkfoot* and *Montana* are mellower basic rock

songs. As with most Zappa albums, this one has a wide variety of musical styles, from the Varese-like percussion of *Dupree's Paradise* to *Saturna*, which is a Finnish Tango. Most of the songs have appeared on old albums, but these versions are much different and have clear digital sound. It's expensive but worth it for over two hours of great live music. (*Barking Pumpkin Records*).

Louis Rastelli

Live Skull, Snuffer

I like parts of this record. Grungy dirges appear throughout this album. The opening cut is a very speedy, hardcore style number. There were some rhythms that I enjoyed hearing and as I write this review I still have one of the vocal lines going through my head. I might suggest listening to someone else's copy, before you fork-out your hard earned cash for this one. (*Caroline Records, 5 Crosby Street, NYC, NY 10013*).

Ewan MacDonald

Token Entry, Jaybird

Token Entry call themselves "positive force" which from what I can understand is something like 'straight-edge'. Their songs all have really positive messages with titles like *The Bright Side* and *Integrity*. The music is fast and upbeat with catchy choruses. There seem to be a lot of good hardcore bands coming out of New York these days like **Youth of Today**, **Leeway**, and **Murphy's Law** and Token Entry are definitely up there with them. My only major complaint with this record is that it's too damned short, clocking in at under 25 minutes. (*Hawker Records, 225 Lafayette Street, suite 709, New York, NY, USA 10012*).

Selim

War Zone, Open Your Eyes

Just when I was beginning to think that all skinheads are a bunch of racist idiots I come across the new War Zone album. These guys take great pride in calling themselves 'skins' yet they also take a very strong anti-racist stance which can be heard on the song *Racism—World History Part One*. In fact, all the songs on this record have very strong, positive messages. For instance, *Back To School Again* is about the importance of getting an education and *Striding Higher For A Better Life* is about believing in yourself. What about the music you ask? Well, it's even more powerful than their messages. (*Caroline Records, 5 Crosby Street, New York, NY, USA 10013*).

Selim



Blood Brothers, Honey and Blood

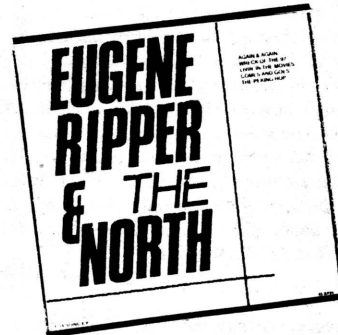
This record did not impress me. For me to be impressed by an album I would need good sounds, good rhythms, good arrangements and good delivery of good lyrics. This three piece band didn't do to badly with the sounds. Though I could tap my foot throughout this album, the changes in rhythm didn't move me. On a couple of occasions the band assumes almost a rap style. Lyrically the only song that captured my attention was a tune entitled *Avita The Clown*, a song that speaks of the problems of people taking drugs. (*BMG Music of Canada*)

Ewan MacDonald

Ludichrist, Powertrip

I hate putting labels on bands but just so you get an idea of what these guys' sound like, I'll classify them as heavy thrash speed metal hardcore crossover. In other words, it's pretty powerful stuff. Most of the lyrics are quite mindless, but some are kinda funny, especially the rap-influenced one called *This Party Sucks* with lines like "Bout thirty people there and most of them were dicks, only three of them were girls but they weighed as much as six." However, you can't dismiss Ludichrist as being a joke band because the musicianship is just too good. Every song is full of interesting tempo changes and the timing is always perfect. If this record doesn't get you excited, check your pulse, you're probably dead. (*Combat/Relativity*)

Selim



Eugene Ripper and the North

Eugene looks like a Eugene and I bet he's the type of guy whose parents sent him off to boarding school and told the neighbours he was goin' to be a doctor, meanwhile he was experimenting with illegal substances in the chemistry lab and listenin' to Bad Bad Music (yeah, r 'n r) in the girls' can. Major rock 'n roll action with country/rockabilly stuff but nun a that country-rock whine. Only five toonz but he bops three of 'em, razors through *Comes and Goes* almost soundin' Punk Rawk (omigawd!), dumps on his Big Single (or sumthin') *The Peking Hop* and only screws up on his pop epic *Livin' in the Movies*. All kinda brings ya back to when music wuz fun, fast, stoopid, kinda out-of-tune and a huge waste of time. I like it. (*AMOK Records, P.O. Box 159, Station G, Toronto, Ontario*).

Johnny Zero

Halo of Flies, Headburn

A full-speed-ahead EP from a relatively young East Coast (US) band that fuckin' blares. **H.O.F.** have a sound reminiscent of the early Replacements that can get just a touch addictive. Crazy axing, throat-scorching vocals, heavy drums—you get the picture. Ghoulishly charming cover, too. (*Twintone Records*).

Lorrie

Pay It All Back Volume#2

One Mr. **Adrian Sherwood** shows no signs of slowing down, wunderkind that he is. Here's a sampler of a lot of his reggae works, with masters like **Lee 'Scratch' Perry**, **Bim Sherman**, **Dr. Pablo**, the late **Prince Far I**, and **African Head Charge**. And it's amazin'. I'll let you in on a secret, though—if you buy the cassette, you get some **Mark Stewart & the Maffia** tracks, and if you go for those CD things, you get even more reggae and Maffia stuff. Damn, almost makes me wanna invest a year's worth of... no, never mind. I can't give that up. Buy this however you can. (*On-U-Sound/Netwerk*).

Lorrie

Sonic Youth, Daydream Nation

This is what we've all been waiting for, huh? I don't really know what I can tell you about this record... I guess since Thurston and Kim Gordon made it legal, he lets her sing more. Much more. Record One predominantly features her voice. **Sonic Youth's** fixation of sorts with the 60s is grabbed right where it counts and spews all over the place, not to mention the album's

homage to a writer—damn, can't think of the name. Weird sci-fi. Ahh, someone else somewhere else wrote about it. Anyways, two standout (by about 6 or 7 inches) tracks are *Hey Joni* and *Cross the Breeze*. Don't know why, I just like them. Those 'aural plane' songs, y'know? *Daydream Nation* is good, but nowhere near as seething as their older material—*EVOL*, *Death Valley 69*, etc. Perhaps the album's just a victim of too much hype. (Blast First/ Enigma)

Lorrie

The Brood, *In Spite Of It All*
Finally a cheesy-organ band that's wonderful! And they're women to boot! No, no inundation of post-feminist dogma on this here slab. These chicks from Maine play their guts out about love gone wrong, heart-break, slimy run-around pig boys, and how they won't take him back, no matter what. They've seen it all before, so nothing can phase 'em. All the power to you, ladies. Cheers to a hot record. (Skyclad Records Inc., 6 Valley Brook Dr., Middlesex, New Jersey 08846 US of A).

Lorrie

Death of Samantha, *Where The Women Wear the Glory and the Men Wear the Pants*
This band from Cleveland rocks! Death of Samantha used to be a garage-type band. Now they are a fast rock 'n roll band. They have traces of 70's rock, for instance Iggy and the Stooges. Slickly produced and packaged, this is a good punk 'n roll record. (Homestead Records/Dutch East India Trading, P.O. Box 800, Rockville Centre, New York, USA).

Greg Miller

Winston Reedy, *Crossover*
Winston Reedy recorded this in UB40's studio (which used to be a slaughter house) so it sounds like them, but even better. One cut called *Superstar* was produced by Mikey Dread. The great reggae musicians featured on this record are too numerous to mention, however Sly and Robbie add their trademark rhythm sound. Winston Reedy's voice soars above his well-produced full-band reggae sound. If you didn't get much reggae last year, try to get this one—it is excellent. (DEP International/Virgin Records).

Greg Miller

Naked Raygun, *Jettison*
Somehow this record has been overlooked in *RearGarde* (yeah, you were supposed to do it months ago—ed.). I loved their first record called *Throb Throb*, a must for your collection, and *Jettison* is too. These guys are great. Their songs have vocals and choruses that have a sing-along or anthemic quality that stays in your brain. Rip-roaring guitars, pounding rhythms, crashing drums. They even do a live version of a Stiff Little Fingers song called *Suspect Device*. One of my favourites of '88. Get it, it's cheap. (Caroline Records, 5 Crosby Street, New York, NY, USA 10013).

Greg Miller



The Gruesomes, *Hey!*
This 14 song slice of Ogdism is the continuing saga of how a band can start-out without knowing how to play their instruments and end up sounding like early Rolling Stones records. Besides the concept tracks, like the incredibly long *I Can Dig It* and the incredi-

bly boring *World of Darkness* the rest of the album is the basic Gruesomes mid to late sixties garage sound but if you take away the voice I swear this album at times sounds like the Stones circa '65. This album compares favourably to their first album but as compared to *Gruesomania* I'll take 'Mania just because I've had more listens. Not too bad for a third album but if the Gruesomes keep regressing at this pace they might meet Condition or Deja Voodoo somewhere. (Og Records, Box 182, Station F, Montreal, Quebec H3J 2L1)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" (but not Cuddles) Campbell



Two Men Laughing, *Rock With You (12'')*
Disco hit as a regular rhythm box and keyboard. Incidentally the voice isn't like regular rap although they strive for it. The tune *Dead Can Dance*, this time around, sounds more like Eurodance. You know—Soft Cell, Ann Clarke, etc... The last track called *Cry Now* sounds more like Sisters Of Mercy, with the singer's deep voice and big studio production. I wonder how the album is going to sound? (Amok Records, P.O. Box 159 Stn. G, Toronto, Ont. M4M 3G7).

Bery

Kitaro, *Ten Years*
It's a souvenir album, with two vinyls. We find all his old stuff plus two new ones. One of the two tracks is called *God Of Thunder*, which is a Japanese drum solo and the other is *Song For Peace* which is his regular high concentrated synthetic sound. His life's ambition is to do a pyrotechnic show. What do I think about this album... well... it's Kitaro. (Geffen Records, 9130 Sunset Blvd., LA Cal. 90069).

Bery

Big Stick, *Crack and Drag*
Crack attack from rap, no more no less. Experimental music bordering on rap but with a guitar attack that sounds like hardcore, but too fucked up for that. It could lean on the industrial side as well, but it's just too short. Continuing to listen, you get shouting and complete distortion with effects and effects piled on top. Psycho-freak-out freshly produced from a digital delay and phaser. At the end, you can feel the regurgitated voice and Rock. ((Caroline Records, 5 Crosby Street, New York, NY, USA 10013).

Bery

Bar-B-Q Killers, *Comely*
Fresh, fresh sound out of energetic alternative rock from the US. A clear voice coming from the bottom of lungs, piercing and distinctive. Not much electronic effects on the mixing, they are a real stage band. What you hear is an oral explosion of a local Georgia band. The album's got devilish rhythms that never stop accelerating, super-speed and intense. Hook yourself into a 550 watt system for this one. (Twilight Records, P.O. Box 95265, Atlanta, GA. 30347.)

Bery

Manufacture, *Terror Vision*
Another techno-aggressive band on the Vancouver-based Nettwerk records. They try to sound like a mix between Skinny Puppy and Severed Heads. They use aural mixed media, but more defined than the others. Good dance tunes which can be played in hammer-beat alternative discos.

Just a tiny industrial sound emanate from these tracks—all in all, a good techno-aggressive, experimental sound. And raw. (Nettwerk/Capital)

Bery



Pili Pili, *Be In Two Minds*
Weird Techno-pop with multiple keyboards and percussion. We feel an African trend throughout the album, sorta like *Push Push In The Bush*. This weird sound can be explained by the appearance of three African musicians and Marlon Klein from *Dis-sidenten*. Towards the end of the album it falls into the Jazz fusion mode, it becomes very light and smooth. Good to listen to when you feel retrofusion after a light breeze of modern Africa. (Amok Records, P.O. Box 159 Station G, Toronto, Ont M4M 3G7).

Bery



Les Wampas, *Chauds, Sales et Humides*
New sound for the Wampas. Faster guitar with a sixties sound sorta like the Ventures, with frantic vocals. It reminds of 30's swing blended with 50's and 60's rock 'n roll, all played with a frantic and fucked up tempo. They play one song, *Les Abeilles*, which is sometimes quiet just like if you were sitting around a campfire listening to tunes. *Je t'Attend* is hardcore-western with heavy distortion chords and voice. The last song, *Le Slow*, gradually fades in in slow motion and then speeds up at the end. There's always a way to get excited with this LP. (New Rose, 7 rue Pierre Sarazzin, Paris, France 75006).

Bery

Front 242, *Front by Front*
Already popular, as usual, Front 242 haven't lost their alterno-aggressive techno-dance kind of style. They continue to meld their vocals with junk sounds picked up here and there and digitalized altogether. Clean and clear rhythms, clearer than before, also slower. At the end of the first side, we deserve a sweet slow song called *Felines*. The second side is tribal-techno and there's nothing more to say on this vibratile side. (Nettwerk/Capital).

Bery

Hey, look, we just love getting records in the mail. We even review most of them. So please do send those records, cassettes and singles for review.
That address is: RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4.

for cassettes only

Yo, back again.

Okay, we've taken another chunk out of our cassette pile and the results are below. This is a special month for *For Cassettes Only* as we have a couple of new reviewers—Emma Tibaldo (E) and Bery (B), as well as that old favourite J.D. Head (JDH). Remember, this column is reserved for low-release cassettes and demos, none of this commercial-release stuff.

The Harpits from Montreal have a three song cassette called *Least Loved Xmas Favourites*. It starts off with *Sleigh Ride*, experimental sounds and a hilarious voice. Yeah! *Silent Night in the City* includes psychic verber, bits and clips from concrete street sounds, all edited together and mixed with original wind synthetics (probably on keyboards). And *Little Trash Can Boy* has a real trash sound—trash cans, broken glass—very good. Some bizarre psyched up sounds achieved by going crazy on the keyboards without worrying about making music. Yeah! A reaction to all those damned Christmas songs we're all sick of. Why don't you ask more about the Harpits? (B)

The Harpits, 3421 Drummond, Apt. 27, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 1X7.

The Inmates are a 70's rock 'n roll band, slower than J. Geils. They add some psycho-tremelo guitar on their second track, where they sound like a stage band, with some nice effects. Bass-drums-guitar and farfisa organ (sometimes very far in the background). A strong virile voice that swings their rock 'n roll like Elvis. The second side is faster, but over-produced for a basic rock band. But still a good mix on the guitar. Finally, it sounds pop towards the end, like the Rolling Stones. I wonder why they're produced in Paris, France, but no comment, they're still good musicians swinging R&B&R&swing, but faster of course.

Inmates, c/o Mute Sonet, 16 rue Houdon, Paris, France, 75018.

From down the road in Kingston (I think), we get something that is a basement production of basically a one-man-band (I think). The band's called the Norm. We've got two tapes here—*The Norm* and *The Bondus Sessions* of six that they've (he's?) produced. This would be even more impressive if a lot of the songs weren't repeated on both cassettes. All that aside, I like this stuff. This is what people feared with the proliferation of drum machines and cheap 4-track recording—irrelevant, irreverent, off-key, fuzzy rock 'n roll music. When the band cranks it, they're really fun, only tripping over a couple of slower tunes like *Sammy and Brian* where decent melodies just aren't enough to sustain interest. I'd like to hear more of this band, I'd also prefer to see them live. (This might be an old address, but it's the only one we've got, so...) (JDH)

Ernie Noise Enterprises, P.O. Box 896, Kingston, Ontario, K7L 4X8.

From somewhere in the bowels of Montreal Nord (oui), comes a band named Moral Minority, with their offering entitled *Preaching For Profits*. In one word Urghh!! It kinda makes you want to rip your innards out. This sure is a thrasher. The music isn't particularly original but it's fuckin' energetic. Unfortunately, it sounds like it was recorded live in a wet cave. The lyrics are unintelligible, but heck, who's paying attention anyway, now if they'd only leave out the preachy slow breaks in some of their songs. (E).

Moral Minority, 11785 Hurteau, Montreal, PQ, H1G 3W8.

Before listening to this tape, I'd heard that the Drones were a fun, punk-power-pop type band. Unfortunately, this just doesn't translate onto tape. I dunno, it may be the quality of the demo or the fact that it seems to sound kinda clean but messy (huh?) or they may just have wimped out a bit when recording. The end result is generic-bland-pop music. Heck guys, give it more oomph, then you'd have something. (E).

No address available.

Okay, so the big trend in Montreal (maybe the world—who knows?) is speed metal. So big that we're importing bands now. Lizard wander into town from Out East and bring with them a nine-song self-titled demo. Maybe I'm the wrong person to review this coz I'm of the opinion that all speed-metal sounds alike. They do, however do some nice tricks with two guitars on a couple of tunes, have nice strong hardcore-like vocals, and can really cut out and motor (especially on *Madness*, my fave). Decent production and just tight enough to be good without being clinical about it, the band is likely to catch on real quick. They could probably take two directions from the tape—metal or hardcore. I, of course, would suggest hardcore, but noone listens to me anyways...

Lizard, 2058 St. Hubert, Montreal, Quebec.

Okay, so Toronto has this band called Rocktopus, see? Now, I always thought these guys were hardcore or sumthin' like that. But no, they're post-hardcore—a small category of bands that includes Nomeansno and, well, Rocktopus. You know, every song's an epic—tempo changes, eternally riffing guitars and bass, dischordant chords, Doughboys-like harmonies and a nice brisk pace. Mebbe they started out 'core and then Developed. Personally, I could live without such developments, but it's easy to see why they have such a grand reputation—it really smokes at times. But it'll never sell—the kids'll never be able to dance to it. Nice production, too. If you like that Nomeansno gang, you'll definitely like these guys.

Rocktopus, 1170 Creekside Drive, Oakville, Ontario, L6H 4Y9.

If your band has a low-release or demo cassette you would like reviewed, please do send it to RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4.

WHAT'S UP

Wednesday, February 1st
Albert's Hall: Eddy "The Cheif" Clearwater.
Entex: Guitar Wars with Romance Eleven
Horseshoe: Ron LaSalle
Lee's Palace: Swamp Baby, AKA and The Hurt.
The Rivoli: Centrspt
Siboney Club: Seven Seconds, MSI, 5 Foot Nothing
Sneaky Dees: Bel-Vistas

Thursday, February 2nd
Albert's Hall: See the 1st
Clinton's: Jack De Keyzer
Diamond: Cowboy Junkies
Entex: Myles Goodwin
Lee's Palace: Tall New Buildings
The Rivoli: John Drake Escape, Circle of Ill Health, and The Hacks
Siboney Club: The Heretic with Rhythm Activism
Sneaky Dees: Fast Folk Underground

Friday, February 3rd
Albert's Hall: See the 1st
Clinton's: See the 2nd.
Diamond: Kris Kristoferson.
Entex: Spoons
Horseshoe: Throbulators
Lee's Palace: Phantoms
The Rivoli: Isa Skitsa, Strength Through Joy, and Cockshell Heros.
Siboney Club: Boubon Tabernacle Choir.
Sneaky Dees: High Lonesome

Saturday, February 4th
Albert's Hall: See the 1st.
Clinton's: See the 2nd.
Entex: Teenage Head
Lee's Palace: See the 3rd
The Rivoli: Black Betty with The Urban Outriders, The Hacks, Minimalist Jug Band.
Siboney Club: Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet with Heimlech Manuever.
Sneaky Dees: Lost Highway

Sunday, February 5th
Clinton's: Wayne Kat: Quartet
Lee's Palace: Blues Jam 3-6pm, Rock Jam 7-11pm.
Siboney Club: Bunchoffuckin-goofs
Sneaky Dees: All Star R&B Jam with host Lee Warren

Monday, February 6th
Albert's Hall: The Buzz: Upshaw Band.
Clinton's: Flaming Dono
Diamond: Richard Thompson (\$15).
Lee's Palace: Zap City
The Rivoli: Elijah Berry with Nick & Alex, Fred's Bike.
Sneaky Dees: Hired Guns

Tuesday, February 7th
Albert's Hall: See the 6th
Clinton's: Napkins
Lee's Palace: Glory Chain
The Rivoli: Gargantuans with Celtic Gales and Soma

Sneaky Dees: See the 6th
Wednesday, February 8th
Albert's Hall: See the 6th
Clinton's: David Blamires Group
Diamond: Mishee Mee, LA Love (\$10)
Entex: Guitar Wars with Steel Lilly
Horseshoe: Kelita
Lee's Palace: Dandilions
Sneaky Dees: See the 6th.

Thursday, February 9th
Albert's Hall: Danny Marks and The Live Late Show.
Clinton's: Stranger Than Fiction.
Diamond: Mary Margaret O'Hara.
Horseshoe: Chussie Lomax.
Lee's Palace: The Movement, The Blame.

The Rivoli: Paul Meyers with I Want, Sea Elephants.
Siboney Club: Disaster Area.
Sneaky Dees: Swamp Babies.

Friday, February 10th
Albert's Hall: See the 9th.
Clinton's: High Lonesome.
Entex: Coney Hatch
Lee's Palace: Forgotten Rebels.
The Rivoli: Tennessee Rockets with Tin Eddies, Tiger Sharks.
Siboney Club: Hopping Penguins.
Sneaky Dees: Tim White Band with Stickmen.

Saturday, February 11th
Albert's Hall: See the 9th.
Clinton's: Hugh Marsh Group.
Entex: L.A. and Lady Fire
Horseshoe: Jack De Keyzer.
Lee's Palace: Moev and Dorian Grey

The Rivoli: My Dog Popper with Big Daddy Cumbuckets.
Siboney Club: The Toll.
Sneaky Dees: Tin Eddies

Sunday, February 12th
Clinton's: Barry Livingstone Quartet.
Lee's Palace: Blues Jam, 3-6pm., Rock Jam 7-11pm.
Sneaky Dees: All Star R&B Jam with host: Lee Warren.

Monday, February 13th
Albert's Hall: Joanna Connor and The Blues Masters.
Clinton's: The Classifies.
Diamond: National Velvet.
Lee's Palace: Dale Morningstar.
The Rivoli: Club Improv.
Sneaky Dees: Fish and Sea.

Tuesday, February 14th
Albert's Hall: See the 13th.

Clinton's: Soda Jerks.
Diamond: Ian Tyson \$12.50.
Lee's Palace: Satellites.
The Rivoli: Love In Motion (indie films).
Sneaky Dees: Sawney Bean.

Wednesday, February 15th
Albert's Hall: See the 13th.
Clinton's: Vektor.
Diamond: Secret Desire
Entex: Guitar Wars with Red Alert.
Horseshoe: Knockouts.
Lee's Palace: The Rave.
The Rivoli: Poetry Sweatshop (final show).
Siboney Club: Slaughter
Sneaky Dees: Turquois.

Thursday, February 16th
Albert's Hall: See the 13th.
Clinton's: Shuffle Demons.
Entex: Mike Mandel.
Horseshoe: Briet Bros.
Lee's Palace: NeoA4.
The Rivoli: Jellyfishbabies, Cockshell Heros, Stratejackets.
Sneaky Dees: Fujahive.

Friday, February 17th
Albert's Hall: See the 13th.
Clinton's: See the 16th.
Entex: Goddo (original).
Horseshoe: Lorraine Segato.
The Rivoli: Saddle Tramps.
Siboney Club: Nash the Slash.
Sneaky Dees: Tex-styles.

Saturday, February 18th
Albert's Hall: See the 13th.
Clinton's: See the 16th.
Lee's Palace: UIC.
The Rivoli: Industrial Videos.
Siboney Club: See the 17th.
Sneaky Dees: Bone Decent.

Sunday, February 19th
Clinton's: Gotham City.
Diamond: John Mayall \$14.50.
Lee's Palace: Blues Jam 3-6pm, Rock Jam 7-11pm.
Siboney Club: Whiplash.
Sneaky Dees: All Star R&B Jam with host Lee Warren.

Monday, February 20th
Albert's Hall: Rita Chiarelli.
Clinton's: Robbie Rox and the Monster Horn Band.
Lee's Palace: Michael Bennett Band.
The Rivoli: Dangerous Poultry with Droll Models.
Sneaky Dees: Morgan Davis.

Tuesday, February 21st
Albert's Hall: See the 20th.
Clinton's: Ceedees.
Diamond: Razorbacks.
Lee's Palace: Days of You.
The Rivoli: Napoleon Solo.
Sneaky Dees: See the 20th.

Wednesday, February 22nd
Albert's Hall: See the 20th.
Clinton's: Cruel Timothy.
Entex: Guitar Wars with Wild Field.
Lee's Palace: Strength of Joy.

Albert's Hall: 481 Bloor St. W. 964-2242.
Bamboo: Closed for renovations.
Cabana Room: 460 King St. W. 368-2864.
Cameron: 408 Queen St. W. 364-0811.
Clinton's: 693 Bloor St. W. 535-1429.
Diamond: 410 Sherbourne (N. of Carlton) 927-8181.
El Mocambo: 464 Spadina Ave. Hotline 961-2558.
Entex: 1325 Eglinton Ave. (Mississauga) 238-9868.
Horseshoe: 370 Queen St. W. 598-4753.
Lee's Palace: 529 Bloor St. W. 532-7383.
The Rivoli: 334 Queen St. W. 596-1908.
Siboney Club: 169A Augusta (at Dundas) 977-4277.
Sneaky Dees: 562 Bloor St. W. 532-2052

TORONTO

The Rivoli: Comedy Tonight.
Sneaky Dees: See the 20th.

Thursday, February 23rd
Albert's Hall: Ken Whiteley's Roots Revue.
Clinton's: Briet Bros.
Diamond: Dr. John.
Horseshoe: 20th Anniversary, Malcolm Thomlinson.
Lee's Palace: Go 4 Three.
The Rivoli: Folk night, Cheryl Gaudet, Anna Catino, Peter Eastmare.
Siboney Club: Basic English with One Free Fall.
Sneaky Dees: Victor Bateman.

Friday, February 24th
Albert's Hall: See the 23rd.
Clinton's: Tin Eddies.
Entex: Hotle California.
Horseshoe: Lucky 7.
Sneaky Dees: Shadowy Men On a Shadowy Planet.

Saturday, February 25th
Albert's Hall: See the 23rd
Clinton's: See the 24th.
Entex: 1964.
Horseshoe: See the 24th.
Lee's Palace: Jack De Keyzer.
The Rivoli: The Grounds R&R Circus.
Siboney Club: Phantoms.
Sneaky Dees: Rednecks.

Sunday, February 26th
Clinton's: Roberto Occhipinti Quartet.
Lee's Palace: Blues Jam 3-6pm, Rock Jam 7-11pm.
Sneaky Dees: All Star R&B Jam with host Lee Warren.

Monday, February 27th
Albert's Hall: Luther "Guitar Junior" Johnson & The Magic Rockers.
Clinton's: Ron Sexsmith Trio.
Lee's Palace: Turquois.
The Rivoli: Cafe of Wild Culture.
Siboney Club: Reg Hart presents: Phantom of the Opera.
Sneaky Dees: Lost Highway.

Tuesday, February 28th
Albert's Hall: See the 27th.
Clinton's: Local Heroes.
Diamond: Frozen Ghost.
Lee's Palace: Two Hands.
The Rivoli: Caution Product Presents.
Siboney Club: Kids in the Hall.
Sneaky Dees: See the 27th.

The Toronto lists were compiled by Phil Saunders (hi Phil, how goes it?). Send Toronto area listings to RearGarde listings, 22 Moon Road #824, Downsview, Ontario M3J 2S5.



My Dog Popper and the Big Daddy Cumbuckets play the Rivoli on the 11th. PHOTO: Popper by Cynthia Poirier, Big Daddy by Pierre Dalpé.

Electric Centipedes

by Mitch Brisebois

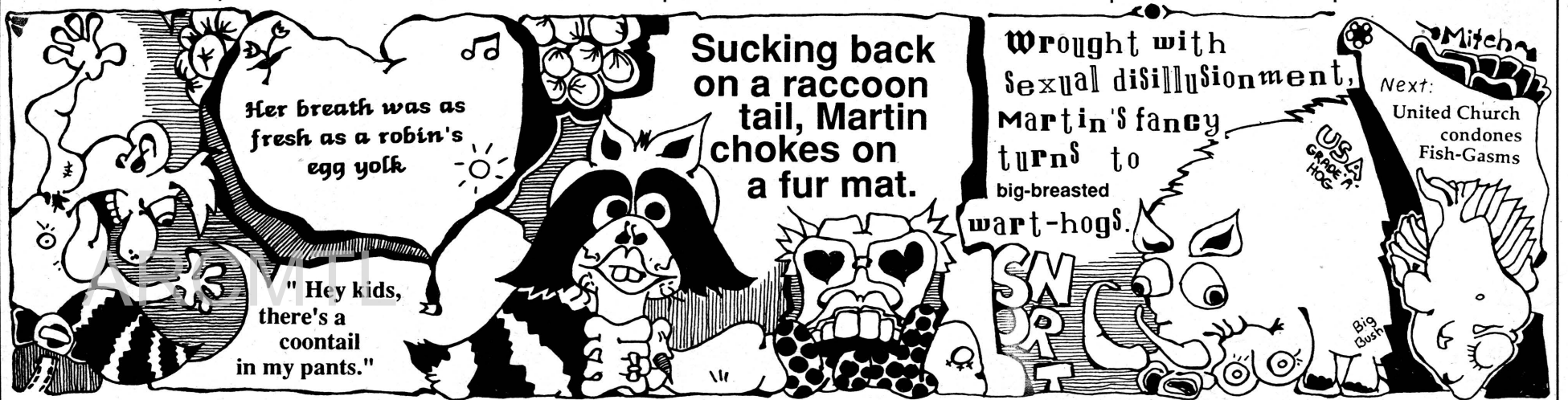


PHOTO: Rula

Like many of their fellow New York City bands, the Cro-Mags have often been linked to NYC's festering skinhead scene. Anyone who knows anything about Cro-Mags bassist Harley Flanagan, whom has also taken over vocal duties with the departure of John "Bloodclot" Joseph, knows that he has a reputation of being a tattoo scarred, meanass skinhead who can contort his face so as to resemble various forms of wildlife. At the Cro-Mags recent stay in Montreal, supporting local homeboys Voivod, I found a very different Harley. While mellowed is probably not the best way of describing the short stocky Cro-Mags frontman, he struck me as someone who's "been around" long enough to justify a lot of the negative aspects associated with the Cro-Mags over the years. 'nuff said.

RearGarde: You can probably guess what I'm going to ask you first...

Harley: Bloodclot.

RearGarde: Right.

Harley: First of all I want to dispel all the rumors that have been going around. He's not singing with the **Bad Brains**, he's not strung out on crack, he's not in jail...

RearGarde: I heard that he left to pursue an acting career.

Harley: I haven't heard anything about that. Actually I've had a few little bogus parts in a couple of movies recently. What happened to John was that he was having difficulties working with pretty much everyone in the band, except for myself. He didn't want to work with our manager and he didn't want to work with our record company either. He was pretty much burning all his bridges. It was at that point that he told me that he was going to leave Cro-Mags and that, if I wanted to, I could start up another band with him. It was a difficult decision for me to make, but I had to tell him that the Cro-Mags are my life and that I couldn't leave just when we were starting to get somewhere. We're still best friends though.

RearGarde: What's he doing now?

Harley: He's pursuing his own band. So far he hasn't had too much luck because all the good musicians are taken. I wish him the best.

RearGarde: This is the first show you've played in Montreal in over three years. Why has it taken so long?

Harley: We've had a lot of problems at the border. I've just recently had all my criminal charges dropped. I'm a legal honest law abiding citizen (Haley belches.) We still got held up at the border for four hours though.

RearGarde: The second album's been taking you guys a long time to get out too.

Harley: Yeah, well **Profile Records**, have been really dicking us around. Profile is a real scam label. We ran a little over our recording budget and they wouldn't give us any more money. So it sat on the shelf until our manager was able to borrow enough money from friends to finish the record. That's why it took almost a year to record. It should be out (by the time you read this.) The record's done, the artwork's done, we're just waiting for them to finish

pressing it.

RearGarde: Did John do the vocal tracks?

Harley: No. I wrote all the songs and did all the vocals.

RearGarde: And it's going to be called *Near Death Experience*?

Harley: That's originally what we were going to call it. What happened was that a kid broke his neck at one of our shows and it just completely blew my head. I was really fucked up for awhile, and I just thought, how can I call this record *Near Death Experience* after something like this. So I decided to call it *Best Wishes*.

RearGarde: What was the significance of the original title?

Harley: Most of my best friends are either dead or in jail. The only one's that haven't ended up that way are the ones that came so close that they finally woke up and decided to take their lives a little more seriously. By calling the record *Near Death Experience* I was hoping that I could get that message across. After thinking about that kid though I just couldn't bring myself to use that title. I finally decided on calling it *Best Wishes* because I'm wishing the best to all the people who have supported us over the years, and at the same time I'm wishing the best to all the people who have tried to hinder us over the years. They're going to need it, because there're no stopping us now.

RearGarde: Okay well here comes the big media hype question. Skinheads...

Harley: I have a real problem with giving credibility to anything the media says.

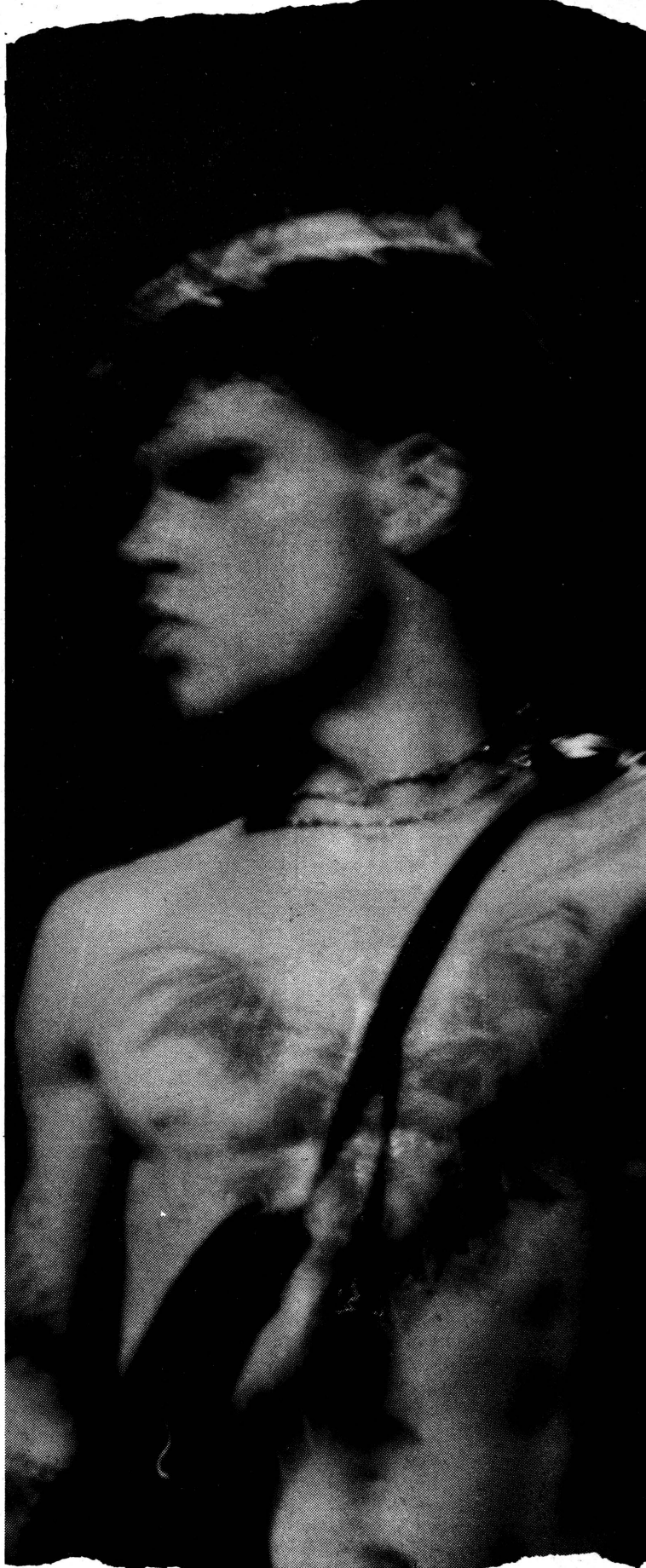
RearGarde: Nevertheless they have managed to quite effectively blow the whole neo-nazi skinhead thing out of proportion to the point where we're supposed to believe that you can tell a persons politics by the length of their hair. Like, hippies wanted sex and drugs so they had long hair. Skinhead want hate and violence so they have no hair.

Harley: As far as I'm concerned 99% of the so called skinheads today have no real roots. Most of them have only been skinheads for a couple of months or a year. Ten years ago, when I was a skinhead, it meant something to me. Now it's just a label that the media are using to get people to buy more papers...

RearGarde: The three most feared things in America: Skinheads, AIDS, and premature ejaculation. They kinda all go together.

Harley: People want to be classified, people want to feel like they're a part of something rather than just being themselves. I'm not saying that all skinheads are posers. For me being a skin meant having pride and strength and not taking shit from anybody. Most of the stuff you read is just more media bullshit. I mean, how seriously can you take a fifteen year old kid who goes around shouting "White Power!" For most of these kids it's just something they'll grow out of.

RearGarde: But the media attention that skinheads are getting is only going to draw more kids into it. Now you've got all these kids letting the media dictate what being a skinhead is all about. Ask any skinhead kid on the street what the significance of the



way he dresses is. Do you think, when he goes around talking about "Paki bashing," that he knows anything about the British working class of the late 60's having their jobs taken away by Pakistani immigrants who were willing to work for less money because they didn't know better? Do you think he knows what it's like to grow up knowing you really have no future? Kids today become skinheads as a way of coping with all the angst that goes with being a teenager. They can go out and kick somebody's ass and get the attention they so desperately want. If that same fifteen year old kid, who's politics you don't take seriously, goes out and beats an old man unconscious just because he has brown or black skin, then you've got a problem regardless.

Harley: You're just as likely to see a gang of black kids beating up somebody. That's just the way it is in the city, that's urban life. In New York you see just as much racism coming from your average black or muslim. Skinheads make up only a small fraction of the racial hatred that's going on. Until people get over their own insecurity, and their own false identity, until they stop worrying about the body that they're in, the bullshit will continue. People have to stop being so preoccupied with who the other guy is and start thinking about who they are. Being proud of who they are. Unfortunately pride without hatred is hard to come by. I think New York has the least problem with nazis. It's such a culturally mixed city that there's just no room for it. Half the skinheads in New York are jewish...

RearGarde: I noticed this past summer when I was in NYC that there are a lot of black skinheads.

Harley: Yeah! And most of those guys ain't no joke either. As far as I'm concerned, when I was a skinhead it wasn't a matter of color, it was a matter of were your head was at. We're living in the Age of Quarrel. People have got to start working on themselves. You can't talk about peace and eat a hamburger. That's violence. We don't like violence or murder, but it's okay to kill unborn children. If we can't stop murdering unborn babies and slaughtering animals for Big Macs and fur coats, how can we be expected to have enough compassion to stop hating and murdering each other. If someone can chew on the dead flesh of an animal, how can he love his fellow man. Animals are helpless, so you can just forget about people. Everybody wants peace yet nobody wants to be peaceful.

RearGarde: You're vegetarian?

Harley: I've been a vegetarian for seven years. I sincerely believe that is why I'm not a violent person anymore. I've put enough people in the hospital, but once I lost that taste for blood I started to have more respect for other people. The road to leading a more peaceful experience is right in front of you. Most people are just too blind to see it. You have to look within and ask yourself: am I part of the problem or am I part of the solution.

Interview conducted by John Coinner

CRO-MAGS

2071 Ste-Catherine W.
934-0484



Every Monday

GUITAR WARS

Montreal Region Guitar Competition

Wednesday, 8

TEENAGE HEAD & INDUSTRIAL DEPT.

Thursday, 16

MACK MACKENZIE EX-THREE O'CLOCK TRAIN

Wednesday, 22

RIPCORDZ and BLISS

1. Legitimate Defense & Idées Noires
2. In Session with Paradiso Blues Band
3. Weather Permitting
4. Weather Permitting
5. Sunday Night Comedy with Hungry and Stupid
7. Midnight
9. In Session with Paradiso Blues Band
10. The Mistreated
11. The Stand (from Ottawa) & The Action
12. Sunday Night Comedy with Hungry and Stupid
14. Potable Ethnic Taxi & Lonesome Canadians
15. Stratejakets
17. Rust
18. New Momentz
19. Sunday Night Comedy with Hungry and Stupid
21. E.C. Riders (tribute to Eric Clapton)
23. Boing!
24. Hollywood Mufflers
25. The Elementals
26. Sunday Night Comedy with Hungry and Stupid
28. Billy Shakespeare

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And, yes, we're getting Guinness!

WHAT'S UP

27

Since everyone enjoyed last month's backwards listings so much we decided to be really annoying this time around and list shows by day rather than date. Enjoy.

As usual, the listings were compiled by Claudia D'Amico and written by Warren "Mr. Editorial" Campbell—so we would like to distance ourselves as much as possible from them. Remember, all offers below are null and void, and when in doubt, phone the club.

Monday, February 6th

Station Ten: *Guitar Wars*. Another dumb contest at a club in Montreal. After the success of the Elvis contest (hey, they got on Newswatch) they'll try anything. This one could be interesting, think about it, all over the club people will be throwing picks and amps and fenders at each other. Wear a helmet but have fun. The next gimmick for Station Ten will probably be to have "comedy" on Sunday nights. For the guitar wars sign up at the bar anytime up 'til then.

Forum: *Ozzy Osbourne and Winger*. This one's been cancelled. In fact Paul was calling DKD when the show was cancelled and next month I might convince him to write some of the things he heard.

Deja Vu: *The Puritans* rock out.

Rising Sun: *Blue Monday Jam* session w/ the *Midnight Blues Band*.

Blue Angel: This joint on Drummond St. has been around for ever and forever they have been having Hillbilly nights on Monday nights. Check it out, apparently you get free hotdogs at midnight.

Monday, February 13th

Station Ten: *Part two of Guitar Wars*. What next—moog wars?

Rising Sun: *Blue Monday Jam* session w/ *Shady Lady*.

Deja Vu: *Midnight Special*.

Rialto Theatre: This show was originally scheduled for Foufounes but all the dopes who want to go see *Nick Cave* have bought so many tickets that they've moved it to the Rialto. \$15.00 in advance and \$20 at the door.

Spectrum: *DBC, Groovy Aardvark, the Affected and Soothsayer* play "Lundi Noir". Heavy metal madness.

Monday, February 20th

Station Ten: *Guitar Wars* again. The Gibson wins.

Rising Sun: *Blue Monday Jam* session w/ *Paul Arthur & Raisin Cain*.

Deja Vu: *The Puritans*. I still don't know if anybody goes here.

Monday, February 27th

Station Ten: *Guitar Wars* to end off the month.

Rising Sun: *Blue Monday Jam* session w/ the *Generic Blues Band*.

Deja Vu: *The Jimmy Dogs*. If they keep playing here and expect *RearGarde* readers to go then they're barking up the wrong tree.

Theatre St. Denis: *Bruce Cockburn* or as Claudia gave it to me *Bruce Cobern*. At least this time he's not playing some silly "peace" show at the Forum which he did a couple years ago. That was one with all the hippies comin' back to make some money for their drug habits.

Blue Angel: *Hillbilly Night* on Drummond Street, check it out.

Tuesday, February 7th

Station Ten: *Midnight*, not the dog but the band (sorry if I'm the only one that gets that). Apparently they're Rock 'N' Roll and we all know how painful that is.

Rising Sun: *Motown Night* w/ *Shady Lady*.

Deja Vu: *The Puritans* rock the joint out.

Foufounes: *Moer*. Paul says he doesn't know anything about them except that they're taking out a half-page ad so they're not all that bad. But from what I've heard they're just not that exciting. We'll see.

American Rock Café: 2080 Aylme. 288-9272
Café Campus: 3315 Queen Mary. 735-1259
Club Soda: 5240 Park. 270-7848
Concordia University: 1455 de Maisonneuve.
Foufounes Electriques: 97 Ste Catherine St. E. 845-5484
Grand Café: 1720 St. Denis. 849-6955
Montreal Forum: 2313 Ste. Catherine W. 932-2582
Peel Pub: 1106 de Maisonneuve W. 845-9002
Rising Sun: 286 Ste Catherine St. W. 861-0657
Spectrum: 318 Ste. Catherine St. W. 861-5851
Station 10: 2071 Ste. Catherine St. W. 934-0484
Theatre St. Denis: 1594 St. Denis. 849-4211
Thunderdome: 1252 Stanley. 397-1628
Tycoon: 96 Sherbrooke St. W.

MONTREAL

Tuesday, February 14th

Station Ten: *Portable Ethnic Taxi* and the *Lonesome Canadians*. Two bands I've never seen but have heard of. How come these bands just keep playing Station Ten over and over and don't seem to be able to break out of that circle—do you think they ever go out of town? I have to ask them that sometime.

Rising Sun: The usual. *Motown* with *Shady Lady*.

Deja Vu: *The Midnight Special*. Just doing covers to pay the rent.

Foufounes: *High Yellow*. Well hello to you.

Tuesday, February 21st

Station Ten: *The E.C. Riders*. This is a tribute band to Eric Clapton. Mon dieu I've had enough of all this tribute bullshit. This'll probably be the band to replace Bokomaru as the standard cover band for Station Ten. This way all the yuppies will have a band to go see and be able to remember "the good old days" when they rolled in the mud, now they roll in the dough. (My my, we are a little venemous this month. Somebody buy this man a guinness—ed.)

Rising Sun: *Shady Lady*, that could be just about anybody I know. (Could be you—ed.)

Spectrum: *John Mayall's Bluesbreakers*. Old Blues legend comes back to haunt Montreal and *RearGarde's* listing page. Maybe they can one day figure out how to get Robert Johnson or Elmore James back.

Deja Vu: *The Puritans*.

Foufounes: *News From The Front*. What about the Olds From the Front.

Tuesday, February 28th

Station Ten On Avon: *Billy Shakespeare*. Now he's doing Rock 'n' Roll. What next...write plays? (No, *RearGarde* listings—ed.)

Rising Sun: *Motown Night* again with *Shady Lady*.

Deja Vu: *The Jimmy Dogs* are at it again.

Wednesday, February 1st

Station Ten: *Legitimate Defense*. Another rock band.

Spectrum: *Le Groupe Sanguin* until the 11th of February. These guys are managed by the guy who runs the Club Soda and they seem to be getting hyped like crazy by the media so don't bother to go and see them.

Theatre St. Denis: *Andre Phillippe Gagnon* for the rest of his life or until the end of the month whichever comes first. This guy should just move in to the Theatre. I wonder if he still does *We Are The World*. I wonder if he'll be on the

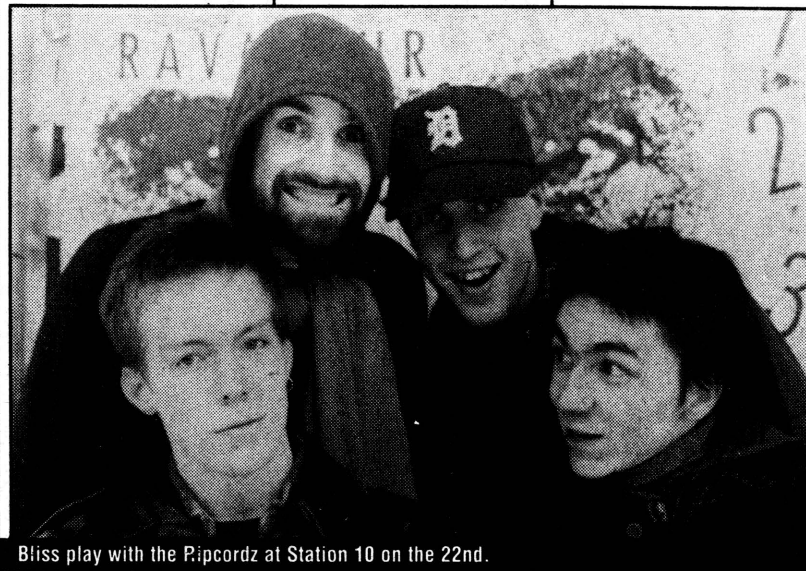
Pat Sajak show. I wonder...I wonder....

Café Campus: *Sons of the Desert*. They must have a dry sense of humour so I won't try to compete with them and try and write anything attempting to be funny.

Deja Vu: *Dr. Sax*. Featuring his new album. The Joy of Sax. I think I've written that before.

Wednesday, February 8th

Station Ten: The first of three shows I might go to see. Here they have something called *Industrial Department* and believe it or not *Teenage Head* but that was only according to the Mirror, which reminds me—where's my Asexuals story. The Teenage Head bit was not



Bliss play with the Pipcordz at Station 10 on the 22nd.

confirmed by the club so we're not really sure on this end whether to put it or not. By the way you should see the Teenage Head story that I wrote a long time ago that got CENSORED by the editors. Remember Paul, the one about the 14 year old girl. (And I feel really guilty about it, you little —ed.)

Foufounes: Another interesting show. *National Velvet* from Toronto, apparently another Queen Street band that gets all the hype from MuchMusic and from Graffiti (but no more) and is trendy for a year or two but has no lasting power because there's just no substance to their music. Could be the next Parachute Club.

Café Campus: *13 Engines* from Toronto but are on a Michigan label. Emma didn't like the album but she did like the video and thinks they might be good live. If that's not a ringing endorsement I don't know what is.

Thursday, February 2nd

Station Ten: In Session with the Para-

Café Campus: *Rare Air* from TO. I've been told they're Funky-Celtic Rock. You figure it out, this one could be really cool or it could be just some more hype that is as always just a waste of time.

Deja Vu: The show of the evening, the *Jimmy Dogs*.

Wednesday, February 15th

Station Ten: *The Stratejackets* originally from Halifax but now based out of Montreal. That means they get to play Station Ten so you know they're a hot new band. By the way, the misspelling of their name is not my fault but that is actually how the band spells their name. Apparently they did this because if any other band names themselves the Straightjackets then this band won't be confused with the other band.

Rising Sun: *Dance Hall Reggae Music*.

Deja Vu: *Double Take*. I couldn't believe it I had to look twice to believe it was Double Take.

Foufounes: *Steve Buchanan*. Whoever the fuck he is.

Spectrum: *The Metropolitan Orchestra*. The what?

Café Campus: This should be neat. A whole bunch of bands from the L'Universite of Montreal are having a contest to see who is the best. This could be really good as long as there are no cover bands playing. Who knows, the next Bundoct might be discovered.

Wednesday, February 22nd

Station Ten: *The Ripcordz* and *Bliss*. Two bands for the outrageous price of \$4. Why pay more. Bliss are Metal and the Ripcordz are Rap. The Ripcordz have as many members in it that are bald as any other band in the city, so you know they are worth seeing. Just more late 70's revival stuff. (Translation: hardcore and Punk—ed. plug)

Rising Sun: *Dance Hall Night*.

Spectrum: *Sword*. Heavy Metal night at the Spectrum. You know I remember going to the Spectrum and seeing local bands for free or for a couple bucks and the club sold their beer. But then they

diso Blues Band. Go and join them if you want.

Forum: *Randy Travis* with *George Fox*. You may not like Country music but geesh, listen to this guys voice. Fuckin' phenomenal. (This could be the problem with our listings when the one person to get a rave endorsement is Randy Travis. Geesh indeed—ed.)

Tycoon: *The Minstrels*. Wandering are they?

Deja Vu: *Dr. Sax*.

American Rock Café: *Up In Arms*. So Am I. With special guests, *Failsafe*. (remember the *fateful RearGarde* warning—don't believe these weird opening bands. Love, ed.)

Rising Sun: *Reggae Revue* with *Mango*, *Sir Monki* and 15 other artists. There's not going to be any room left in the club afterwards.

Foufounes: *3/4 Putains*. Francophone Rock. Like the Box I guess.

Thursday, February 9th

Station Ten: In Session with some band.

Deja Vu: *The Jimmy Dogs*.

Rising Sun: *Mango Star*, *Sir Monki* and *Jahlin*.

Tycoon: *Cinema V*. Oh god how could they degrade that fine Montreal institution like this. They'll probably close after awhile.

Foufounes: *Dissection & Raw War*. Probably Electro-Pop but I'd guess Speedcore or Metal.

Thursday, February 16th

Station Ten: *Mack Mackenzie* who used to be known as *Three O'Clock Train*. Apparently Mack is going to buy everybody in the bar a free beer if they show up, only if you pay a cover of \$15. Hey Mack do *Man At The Ball*.

Rising Sun: *Sir Monki* and the *Mango Star* and some guest.

Tycoon: *Cinema V*.

Spectrum: *Toujours Joe Bocan*. This singer is one of TJ from the Asexuals biggest influences. In fact he would like a date with her. If you know Joe Bocan please call or write to us and let us know

do a double bill with *Broken Smile*.

Foufounes: *Groovy Affected*, who?

Friday, February 3rd

Station Ten: *Weather Permitting* with their second album already out and in the stores and reviewed in *RearGarde* (well, ahem, next issue. You see, it took a while for the album to get to our humble offices, and then it got lost in our mailroom, then there was the fire and the jacket got water damaged so we had to replace it, but our runner's canoe overturned in the lachine rapids on the way back from Cheap Thrills and was fished out of the river near Repentigny, and the police car returning him to Montreal disappeared when a freak hole in space engulfed it, two passenger cars and a Tampax trailer truck. The album was found by a wandering band of skeet shooters who used it for target practice, but missed, and it was finally returned to us by a visiting Ugandan boy scout troupe who are currently listening to Joan Jett on the stereo and won't let us listen to anything else. Ahem, it should be reviewed next issue—ed.). So now you know they've made it.

Tycoon: *Rain* with the *War Brides*.

Rising Sun: *Reggae Revue* with a bunch of people.

Deja Vu: *Dr. Sax*.

American Rock Café: *Up In Arms*.

Friday, February 10th

Station Ten: *Mistreated*. Original Pop Rock. That means Peter Gabriel or U2.

Tycoon: *Portable Ethnic Taxi*.

Deja Vu: *The Jimmy Dogs*.

Rising Sun: The same as most other nights, *Reggae Revue*.

Foufounes: *Four Play*, what?

Reggie's Pub: *Concordia* show with *Penny Lang*. \$3.00 for bald-headed people or people with one leg and four dollars for everybody else.

Forum: *Cheap Trick* with oh so special guest *Tom Cochrane*.

Friday, February 17th

Station Ten: *Rust*, probably Neil Young imitators. They like to claim Rock 'n' Roll.

Rising Sun: *Reggae Revue*.

Tycoon: *The Me & You Revue*. Lounge Disco stuff.

Spectrum: *Joe Bocan* is back wooing your hearts to come back to me... with the Ripcordz opening.

Deja Vu: *Double Take*.

Friday, February 24th

Station Ten: *The Hollywood Mufflers*. Supposed to be Rockabilly but I have to see for myself. I met Louis from the band when I was at the Voodoo BBQ and he told me to come see them so I just might probably come see them. Oops I think I'm out of town this weekend, we'll see.

Rising Sun: *JR Express*.

Tycoon: *Radio Free Vestibule*. Live Comedy like *Monty Python*. Read Filler for once in your life and you'll find out more about them.

Deja Vu: *Broken Smile*. Now which one is this.

Foufounes: *NNN and Famous*. Sorry I don't understand, explain it to me Paul. (Well, you see, we got this press release about the bands, but just when we were going to give it to you a hole in space opened in our apartment and a Tampax trailer track appeared in our refrigerator, knocking over the mayonnaise and absorbing all the milk, cranberry juice and nitro we'd stored on behalf of the anti-178 forces. The resulting explosion destroyed 42 cans of Campbell's tomato soup, 28 empty coke bottles, four cockroaches, two french hens, and any possibility of having an intelligent editor's comment this issue. The press release was soaked with deadly radioactive pickle juice so, instead of giving it to you we mailed it off to the Canada Council instead—ed.)

Saturday, February 4th

Station Ten: *Weather Permitting*.

Show their new jackets (album that is).

Tycoon: *Rain*. Interesting isn't it that Rain is playing on the same night as Weather Permitting. (Not really—ed.)

Rising Sun: *Reggae Revue*.

Deja Vu: *Dr. Sax*.

American Rock Café: *Up In Arms*.

Foufounes: *Moer*. From Vancouver, but few really care.

Saturday, February 11th

Station Ten: *The Stand* (too late for Christmas) from Ottawa and the *Action* from somewhere else.

Tycoon: *Portable Ethnic Taxi*.

Deja Vu: *The Jimmy Dogs*.

Rising Sun: *Reggae Revue*.

Saturday, February 18th

Station Ten: *The New Momentz*, as opposed to the Old Momentz, at the momentz I just can't remember them. Supposedly 50's and 60's Rock.

Rising Sun: *Reggae Revue*.

Spectrum: *Joe Bocan*.

Deja Vu: *Double Take*.

Foufounes: *Jerry Jerry* and the *Warren Campbells* return to active playing. Come out and see who's in the band now.

Saturday, February 25th

Station Ten: *The Elementals*. Basic Rock 'N' Roll. Just a pun.

Rising Sun: *JR Express*.

Tycoon: *Radio Free Vestibule*. Read Filler you dopes.

Deja Vu: *Broken Smile*. Now which one could this be.

Foufounes: *Bourbon Dabernacle*. What is it with all these weird bands Foufounes is now booking.

Sunday, February 5th

Station Ten: *Sunday Night Comedy*. Religion theme, a very yuppie theme if you ask me.

Spectrum: *Ligue Nationale De L'Improvisation*.

American Rock Café: *The Elementals*.

Rising Sun: *Reggae Jamdown* and *Mango*.

Deja Vu: *The Puritans*.

Foufounes: *Soulside* and *Bliss*. Hardcore, as if anybody cares anymore. All that stuff is now Heavy Metal anyway. It just goes around in circles.

Café Campus: *Haunting Today*. Alternative (whatever that is) from Quebec City.

Sunday, February 12th

Station Ten: *Sunday Night Comedy* with the *Hungry & the Stupid*. Theme is Valentine's Day. No wonder they call you stupid. Valentine's Day is on the 14th.

Rising Sun: *Reggae Jamdown And Mango*.

Deja Vu: *Midnight Special*. Free shots.

Spectrum: *Ligue Nationale de L'Improvisation*.

American Rock Café: *Silent Knowledge, Tango Tango*.

Sunday, February 19th

Station Ten: *Sunday Night Comedy*, theme is History. No wonder you're hungry your scraping the bottom of the barrel for themes. (Unlike the listings which are currently working on the innovative "Which Broken Smile" and "Tampax trailer track" themes—ed.)

Rising Sun: *Reggae Jamdown* with *Mango*.

Deja Vu: *The Puritans*.

American Rock Café: *E.J. Brulé*.

Sunday, February 26th

Station Ten: *Sunday Comedy* with—guess who? (Burton Cummings?—ed.) This week Cops and Donuts. Pat Burns and Claude Lemieux?

Rising Sun: *Reggae Jamdown*.

Deja Vu: *The Jimmy Dogs*.

Foufounes: *Peinture En Direct*. Have fun, just don't paint the walls.

American Rock Café: *Fried Up Fred and Company*. They claim it to be the biggest draw ever.

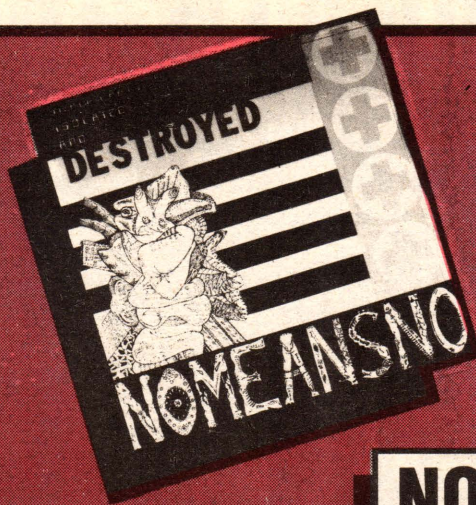




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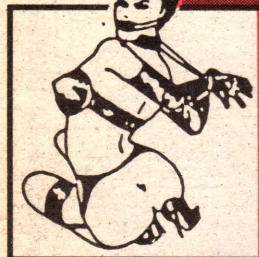
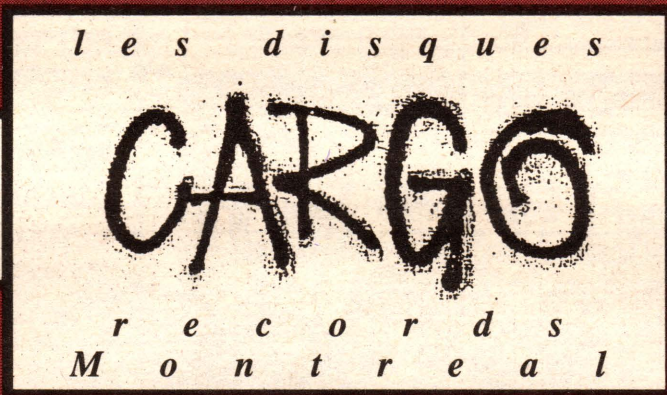
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